

★ Mar. 4, 1944

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# NEW YORKER







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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**ANGEL STREET**—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its fourth year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**THE CHERRY ORCHARD**—A magnificent drama which somebody, unfortunately, has decided to play for laughs. Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut are probably as good as anybody could be under the circumstances. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**DECISION**—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf, Gwen Anderson, and Larry Hugo. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**THE DOUGHGIRLS**—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Arlene Francis, and Doris Nolan are the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**HARRIET**—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. Helen Hayes, however, is splendid. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

**KISS AND TELL**—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**LIFE WITH FATHER**—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's stories, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**LOVERS AND FRIENDS**—An old-fashioned vehicle for Katharine Cornell which hasn't very much else to offer. Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, and Carol Goodner are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**OTHELLO**—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**OVER TWENTY-ONE**—Ruth Gordon in a comedy that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Miss Gordon also wrote the darn thing, which isn't really quite as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**RAMSHACKLE INN**—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

**THREE IS A FAMILY**—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

**TOMORROW THE WORLD**—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult post-war problem. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of the young Nazi, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS**—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE**—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret



## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

Sullivan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**WALLFLOWER**—A variation of the ugly-duckling theme, but it will probably remind you of "Kiss and Tell" and "Three Is a Family." (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Sun., March 5, at 2:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

**WINGED VICTORY**—Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**MRS. KIMBALL PRESENTS**—A farce by Alonzo Price, with Arthur Margetson and Vicki Cummings. Staged by Mr. Price and produced by Ted Gerken and Joe Chandler. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THANK YOU, SVOBODA**—Sam Jaffe in a play by H. S. Kraft, based on a novel by John Pen. Staged by Mr. Kraft and produced by Milton Baron. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., March 2 and 4, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:40.)

### WITH MUSIC

**CARMEN JONES**—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**A CONNECTICUT YANKEE**—A revival of the Fields-Rodgers-Hart success of 1927, with modern adjustments and one fine new song. A little disappointing, in spite of the effective performances by Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen. (Martin Beck,

45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. Closes Sat., March 11.)

**EARLY TO BED**—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school, and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus and Mary Small, and Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**JACKPOT**—A great deal of plot about some Marines who win a girl in a lottery, but not much else. Allan Jones, Nanette Fabray, and Jerry Lester are in this Vinton Freedley musical; Guy Bolton, Vernon Duke, and Howard Dietz are mainly responsible for the story and the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**THE MERRY WIDOW**—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**MEXICAN HAYRIDE**—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics, and the cast includes June Havoc, George Givot, and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**OKLAHOMA!**—First-rate musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, and Betty Garde. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**ONE TOUCH OF VENUS**—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**PORGY AND BESS**—The inhabitants of Catfish Row back again. Etta Moten and Avon Long. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55, CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

**ZIEGFELD FOLLIES**—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

**BRIGHT BOY**—A play by John Boruff, with Donald Buka and Ivan Simpson. Staged by Arthur J. Beckhard and produced by Mr. Beckhard and David Merrick. Opens Thurs., March 2. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### MISCELLANY

**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**—"Ruddigore," Thurs. and Tues. Eves., March 2 and 7; "Iolanthe," Fri. and Thurs. Eves., March 3 and 9; "The Yeomen of the Guard," Sat. Aft. and Eve., March 4; "The Mikado," Sun. Aft. and Eve., March 5; "Patience," Mon. Eve., March 6; "The Gondoliers," Fri. Eve., March 10; "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sat. Aft., March 11; "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Cox and Box," Sat. Eve., March 11. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Eves. at 8:35. Mats. at 2:35.)

**BENEFIT SHOW**—Gertrude Lawrence, William Gaxton, Frank Sinatra, Paul Whiteman, and many others in a program planned as a tribute to Lorenz Hart and as a benefit for Armed Forces Master Records: Sun., March 5, at 9 P.M. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730.)

**ICE SHOW**—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40 and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

**CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT**—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Hansel and Gretel," "Princess Red Riding Hood," and "The Never Empty Purse," Sat., March 4; "Cinderella," "Sleeping Beauty," and "The Face in the Mirror," Sat., March 11; at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104, LE 4-3545.)... The Children's Theatre of the New School presenting "Bobino," Sat. and Sun., March 4-5, at 2:30 P.M. (New School, 66 W. 12, GR 7-8464.)

### DANCE RECITALS

**VALERIE BETTIS**—With Welland Lathrop and others: Sun., March 5, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92, AT 9-2400.)  
**HELEN TAMIRIS**—With her group: Sun., March 5, at

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THE NEW YORKER  
25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE  
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300  
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 3, March 4, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.



# This is our Miss Chinweather

MISS CHINWEATHER, a dummy, is six feet tall, weighs 28 lbs., and takes a size 6 double A shoe, which is more than you can say for most tall women. Like many of her sex, she comes unhinged rather easily, especially her arms, which can be removed with little or no effort. Since being graduated from Mrs. Grenaker's School for Girls (an experience comparable to being shot out of a cannon), she has spent most of her time in a Saks Fifth Avenue window.

Naturally, this demands quite a wardrobe, nor is Miss Chinweather the girl to stint herself. Thanks to her haughty stance, she has our Window Display people so cowed they give her the very best raiment they can lay their hands on, twice a week. The dummy in the next window may be just as beautiful, but it's always Miss Chinweather who gets the wild Labrador mink, not to mention the baum marten and the Russian broadtail.

Once a new display man tried to give her a sable-dyed squirrel, but Miss C. became so unhinged they finally had to compromise on our new Silverblu Platinum mink—really quite nice with her hair. Of course, her hair comes from a distinguished family of horses, and from time to time our Antoine gives her a chic new coiffure. It's the only time Antoine has ever fooled around with horse hair, but Miss Chinweather gets what she wants. One good thing, she doesn't eat butter.



Oh Miss Chinweather - where else but at  
**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**  
at Rockefeller Center



# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30 P.M. (Central High School, 225 W. 24. ST 9-1391.)  
**DORIS HUMPHREY AND CHARLES WEIDMAN**—In the first of a series of repertory recitals: Sun., March 5, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

**AMBASSADOR**, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has Jules Lande's orchestra amid an eighteenth-century décor.

**BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's band and an ice show are in the Bowman Room.

**Café SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which ought to be enough for anyone.

**Café SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, and folk songs by Josh White.

**COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Handier than the one in Rio, Jimmy Durante will be replaced by Sophie Tucker on Thurs., March 9; Frank Marti's samba band will stay on... The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

**EL MOROCCO**, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

**LARUE**, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For those who like their dancing gentle, Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

**MONTÉ CARLO**, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band are on hand in this large and handsome club.

**PIERRE**, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Myrus, the mind-reader, and a dance team, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

**PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings in the Persian Room at the supper hour. Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band are there during dinner and supper.

**RITZ-CARLTON**, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Stry's orchestra plays for dancing in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

**ST. REGIS**, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room sports an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening... The Maisonette has Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras.

**SAVOY-PLAZA**, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

**STORK CLUB**, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A place you may have heard about. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson R's orchestra. Val Olman's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA**, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room, and Gracie Fields entertains the after-theatre crowd... Michael Zarin's orchestra plays in the Lounge Restaurant.

## SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—

**RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan, who heads the show there, will be replaced by Imogene Coca on Mon., March 6... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a baroque sort of place, with several entertainers... **SPYVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself is back, with some new songs and all the old favorites... **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show headed by Irene Bordini, as well as the La-motte murals to look at... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): as comfortable as your own parlor, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

**MISCELLANEOUS**—At the **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the more pleasant small ones; Dick Wilson's orchestra... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): also small, also pleasant; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine... **CASAB**, 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; Danny Yates' orchestra... **CASABLANCA**, 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): blue shadows, palms, and Arabic writing on the walls; Ralph Font's orchestra and a show... **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): south of the border, with Carmen Amaya and her kin folk; Machito's rumba band... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra... **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Georgie Auld's orchestra... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra will be replaced by Jerry Wald's on Mon., March 6. The ice show will

## THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

stay on... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a cellar with murals, as well as Huddie Ledbetter and the Clarence Profit Trio.

**MOSTLY FOR MUSIC**—At the **Café ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ethel Waters heads the all-Negro show... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Sidney and Wilbur De Paris head the orchestra... **ONIX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): solid blues by Billie Holiday, who knows her way around a minor key, and jazz by the Al Casey Trio... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett and Ben Webster are the attractions here... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins plays his saxophone in this midtown saloon.

## ART

**AMERICAN NINETEENTH-CENTURY**—Drawings, water colors, and oils, from the Cooper Union Museum, including some by Winslow Homer and Walter Shirlaw: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

**HANS ARP**—Bas-reliefs, sculpture, gouaches, and drawings, by one of the great early Abstractionists: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

**ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**—A large show by the members and associates you might expect: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**MILTON AVERY**—Nature and people, somewhat simplified: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**LOUIS BOSA**—New oils: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 18.

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern P'kwy.—A hundred portraits of Abraham Walkowitz by as many well-known artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 12.

**NICOLAI CIKOVSKY**—Paintings done in the past few years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 18.

**E. E. CUMMINGS**—New oils and water colors by the poet: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 18.

**ENRICO DONATI**—Surrealist oils by a protégé of André Breton: Passadott, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., March 6.

**LYONEL FEININGER**—Recent water colors and drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

**FRENCH**—At the **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: Braque, Mondrian, Miró, Léger, and other school-of-Paris painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: classics of the Paris school, about half of them new to this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: twentieth-century paintings, many never before shown here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 15... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: drawings from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Thurs., March 2... **SIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: water colors, drawings, and pastels by Pissarro, Renoir, Degas, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21.

**GROUPS**—At the **PUMA**, 108 W. 57: some younger painters who favor impasto. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **BRANDT**, 15 E. 57: a loan show of paintings and sculpture by Marcel Duchamp, Raymond Villon-Duchamp, Joan Miró, Max Ernst, and many other modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 18... **NIERENDORF**, 53 E. 57: Klee, Kandinsky, Demuth, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: the annual show of the gal-

lery's group, which includes Isabel Bishop, Doris Rosenthal, and Paul Cadmus. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: landscapes by mid-nineteenth-century and contemporary artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**LEON KELLY**—Surrealist paintings, mostly of insects: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

**SIDNEY LAUFMAN**—Southern landscapes: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

**MAITA**—New paintings with design as well as color: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82—Selections from the collection of medieval and Renaissance art given to the Museum by the late George Blumenthal; and a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern American and European drawings. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through April 16.

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54—A loan show of miscellaneous work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislav Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

**GEORGIA O'KEEFE**—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 25.

**JOHN C. FELLEW**—Recent paintings: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., March 6.

**HORACE PIPPIN**—Landscapes of Pennsylvania and the South, and still lifes: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**PORTRAITS**—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculpture of theatre people will open Tues. Eve., March 7, at 9:30 P.M., as a benefit for the Red Cross: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 4.

**PRIMITIVES**—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 46 W. 57: Grandma Moses' paintings of the past three years. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 11... **HARRY STONE**, 555 Madison, at 55: recently discovered water colors by a Miss Willson, an early nineteenth-century artist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25... **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: oils by Lawrence Lebduska. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**CONSTANCE RICHARDSON**—A Midwesterner who often paints like an early American romantic: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**CHARLES SMITH**—Abstract block paintings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 4.

**STILL LIVES**—As developed by seventeenth-century artists in the Mediterranean countries and in Holland: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25.

**MAURICE VLAMINCX**—New and old oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25.

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 10 W. 8—Painting and sculpture which the Museum has had in safekeeping since the beginning of the war. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

**PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY**—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., March 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 3, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., March 4, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., March 5, at 3 P.M. Bruno Walter conducting: Wed., March 8, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., March 10, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Josef Hofmann, piano, March 2, 3, and 5; Rudolf Serkin, piano, March 8 and 10.)

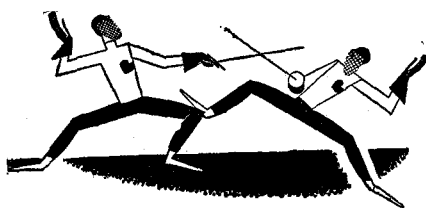
**NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY**—Leopold Stokowski conducting the first two of a series of concerts by this new orchestra. Mon., March 6, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., March 7, at 5 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

**PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, William Primrose, viola. Tues., March 7, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

**BOSTON SYMPHONY**—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall, Thurs., March 9, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., March 11, at 2:30 P.M... Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., March 10, at 8:30 P.M.

**NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION**—With the Dessoff and Princeton University choirs, and Edouard Neis-Berger, organ; Leon Barzin and Paul Boeple conducting. Sat., March 4, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

**JAZZ CONCERT**—The fourth in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Wettling, drums; and





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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 2, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 11.

Miff Mole, trombone. Sat., March 11, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—"Der Rosenkavalier," Thurs. Eve., March 2.... "Carmen," Fri. Eve., March 3 (a New York Diet Kitchen Association benefit; for tickets, call PL 3-9245).... "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., March 4.... "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Eve., March 4.... "Gianni Schicchi" and "Salome," Mon. Eve., March 6.... "Parsifal" (a Metropolitan Opera Fund benefit), Wed. Eve., March 8.... "La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., March 9.... "Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., March 10.... "Falstaff," Sat. Aft., March 11.... "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., March 11. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance, so it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

**ROSALYN TURECK**—Piano. Sat., March 4, at 3 P.M.; a war-relief benefit. (Town Hall.)

**RICHARD DYER-BENNET**—Ballad singer. Sat., March 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**SCHUBERT'S "WINTERREISE"**—Lotte Lehmann, soprano; and Bruno Walter, piano. Sun., March 5, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC**—The Busch Trio. Sun., March 5, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**SAMUEL DUSHKIN**—Violin. Mon., March 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**COOLIDGE QUARTET**—Chamber music, with Isabelle Vengerova, piano. Mon., March 6, at 8:45 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. For tickets, call BU 8-0656.)

**TODD DUNCAN**—Baritone. Wed., March 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

**MUSEUM CONCERT**—Yella Pessl, harpsichord; Mitchell Miller, oboe; and Harry Friedman, violin. Thurs., March 9, at 3 P.M. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70.)

**BENEFIT CONCERT**—Muriel Smith, soprano; Ruth Freeman, flute; and a string ensemble; for the Teachers' Union. Fri., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. For tickets, call GR 7-7900, Ext. 17.)

**JOSEPH ROGATCHEWSKY AND EMMA BOYNET**—Tenor and pianist. Sat., March 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

## SPORTS

**BASKETBALL**—Madison Square Garden—N.Y.U. vs. C.C.N.Y., and St. John's vs. Brooklyn. Wed., March 8, at 8:15 P.M.

**BOXING**—Madison Square Garden—Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, 15 rounds, for the lightweight title, Fri., March 3; Joe Baksi vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., March 10. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.

**FENCING**—Metropolitan Open Championship, sabre, individual, Sun., March 5, at 2 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

**HOCKEY**—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Boston, Sun., March 5; Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., March 9; at 8:30 P.M.... Amateur series, Sun., March 5, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

**TRACK**—Madison Square Garden—I.C.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 4, at 8 P.M.; New York K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 11, at 8:15 P.M.

## OTHER EVENTS

**WAR EXHIBITIONS**—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes (through March 20); also, an exhibition, arranged by the British Information Services, of charts, models, and maps, showing the tactics used at St. Nazaire and in other Commando raids (through March 31); and the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through June 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: scale models by Norman Bel Geddes illustrating land and sea battle formations and tactical operations in the present war. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., March 5.

**MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

**AMERICANA**—At the ROSENBAUGH COMPANY, 15 E. 51: a large collection of books and documents relating to the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, including Lee's farewell address, books from George Washington's library, and letters and manuscripts of Alexander Hamilton and Ulysses S. Grant. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.... **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.;

Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 26.... **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

**LATIN AMERICA**—At the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: the history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.... **MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Pk. W. at 79: the Hall of Mexican and Central American Archeology, closed for the past year, has just been reopened with a rearrangement of its collections of pre-Columbian art. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**—Snapshots by amateur camera fans from 1880 to the present: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through April 30.

**PLANETARIUM**—"Our Planetary Neighbors" is the title of the March lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

**ON THE AIR**—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., March 5, at 3 P.M., WABC.... New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Mon., March 6, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC.... Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 4 and 11, at 3:30 P.M., WABC.... Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 4 and 11, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ.... N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 5, at 5 P.M., WEAF.... New Friends of Music, Sun., March 5, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR.... Metropolitan Opera: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, John Brownlee, and Nino Martini, Sat., March 4; "Falstaff," with Leonard Warren and Eleanor Steber, Sat., March 11; at 2 P.M., WJZ.... Boxing: Beau Jack vs. Bob Montgomery, Fri., March 3, at 10 P.M., WOR.

**NEWS COMMENTATORS**: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR.... Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ.... Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC.... Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC.... Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR.... William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC.... Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ.... Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

**NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE**: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC.... Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF.... Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

**AUCTIONS**—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Impressionist and other nineteenth-century French paintings: Thurs., March 2, at 8:15 P.M.... American and English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by Horatio S. Shonard: Sat., March 4, at 2 P.M.... Sporting prints, books on horses, and racing trophies, from the collection of the late Pierre Lorillard, Jr.: Tues., March 7, at 2 P.M.... Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters, owned by Fritz Bloch and others: Wed. and Thurs., March 8-9, at 8:15 P.M.

**KENDE GALLERIES**, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—American and European nineteenth-century paintings by such artists as Bellows, Schreyvogel, Birch, and Sorolla, owned by Mrs. Charles A. Smylie, Mrs. Henry Halloran, and others: Fri. and Sat., March 3-4, at 2 P.M.

**COLLECTORS CLUB**, 22 E. 35—Rare stamps donated by private collectors and dealers; a benefit for the USO: Wed., March 8, at 8 P.M.

## MOTION PICTURES

**THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY**—A nice, familiar story, with certain alterations. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

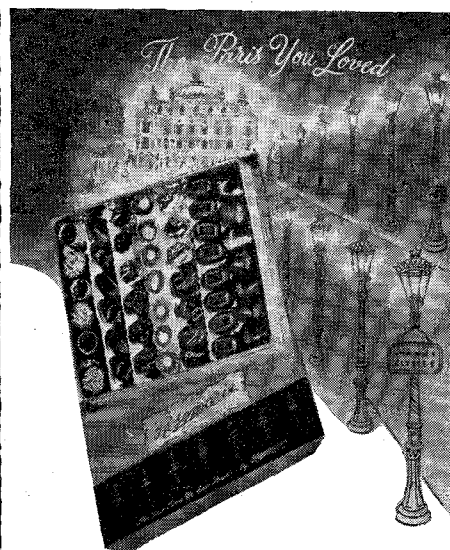
**IN OUR TIME**—Love and a certain amount of politics in Poland just before the war. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., March 9.)

**JACK LONDON**—The emphasis is on London's experiences with the Japs. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

**KINGS OF THE RING**—A collection of most of the good fight pictures since Tommy Burns's day, which was 1907. (World, 153 W. 49.)

**LADY IN THE DARK**—Bigger and gaudier than Moss Hart ever dreamed of. Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, and Mischa Auer. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

**LIFEBOAT**—Alfred Hitchcock's admirably done film about some Americans and a German in the same boat. With Tallulah Bankhead, William

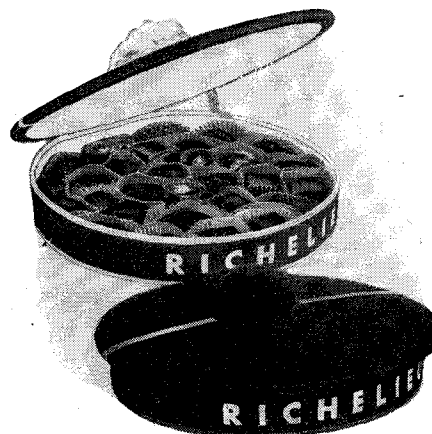


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## GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bendix, and Walter Slezak. (Astor, B'way at 45.)  
**MADAME CURIE**—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in a good, popularized version of the biography by Eve Curie. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 4.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 5-7.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., March 8-11.)  
**OLD ACQUAINTANCE**—A long one about a couple of lady novelists, notable for the presence of Bette Davis, a capable actress. There's also Miriam Hopkins and John Loder. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., March 2.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., March 7.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., March 7-9.)  
**PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE**—Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet up to their ears in adventures among the Fighting French. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)  
**SAHARA**—Humphrey Bogart in a tough, all-male movie about the North African campaign. The cast also includes Rex Ingram and J. Carrol Naish. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 6-7.)  
**THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**—A likable, human account, distinguished by good acting, of the girl who saw visions at Lourdes. The cast includes Jennifer Jones, Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)  
**STANDING ROOM ONLY**—Another agreeable comedy about the housing shortage in Washington. Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)  
**THE SULLIVANS**—The background of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., March 7.)

### REVIVALS

**ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY** (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Fri., March 3.)  
**CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. French and racy. With Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., March 7.)  
**CRAIG'S WIFE** (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., March 3-6.... Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., March 8-9.)  
**CRIME WITHOUT PASSION** (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. With Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Fri., March 7-10.)  
**GOLDEN BOY** (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., March 5-6.)  
**THE LADY VANISHES** (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., March 7-9.)  
**LANCER SPY** (1937)—Espionage in the Berlin of 1914-18. Dolores Del Rio, Peter Lorre, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., March 7-9.)  
**MAYERLING** (1937)—An Archduke's tragic love. In French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 3.)  
**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** (1935)—Shakespeare, Cagney, and Rooney. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., March 3-4.... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. and Tues., March 6-7.)  
**THE OX-BOW INCIDENT** (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., March 6.)  
**THE SCOUNDREL** (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woolcott, in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Fri., March 7-10.)  
**STAGE DOOR** (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; starting Sat., March 4.)  
**TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME** (1930)—The Viennese operetta. With Walter Janssen. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Thurs., March 9.)  
**NOTE**—Films at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Desert Victory," the British documentary film about Montgomery's North African campaign, is being shown weekdays at 1 P.M.... The regular series of old films will continue on the following schedule; unless otherwise noted showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 2-3 (at 4 P.M. only): "Beau Brummel" (1924), with John Barrymore. SAT. AND SUN., MARCH 4-5: "The Iron Horse" (1924), with George O'Brien. MON. AND TUES., MARCH 6-7: "The End of St. Petersburg" (1927), Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin. WED. AND THURS., MARCH 8-9: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), French film.





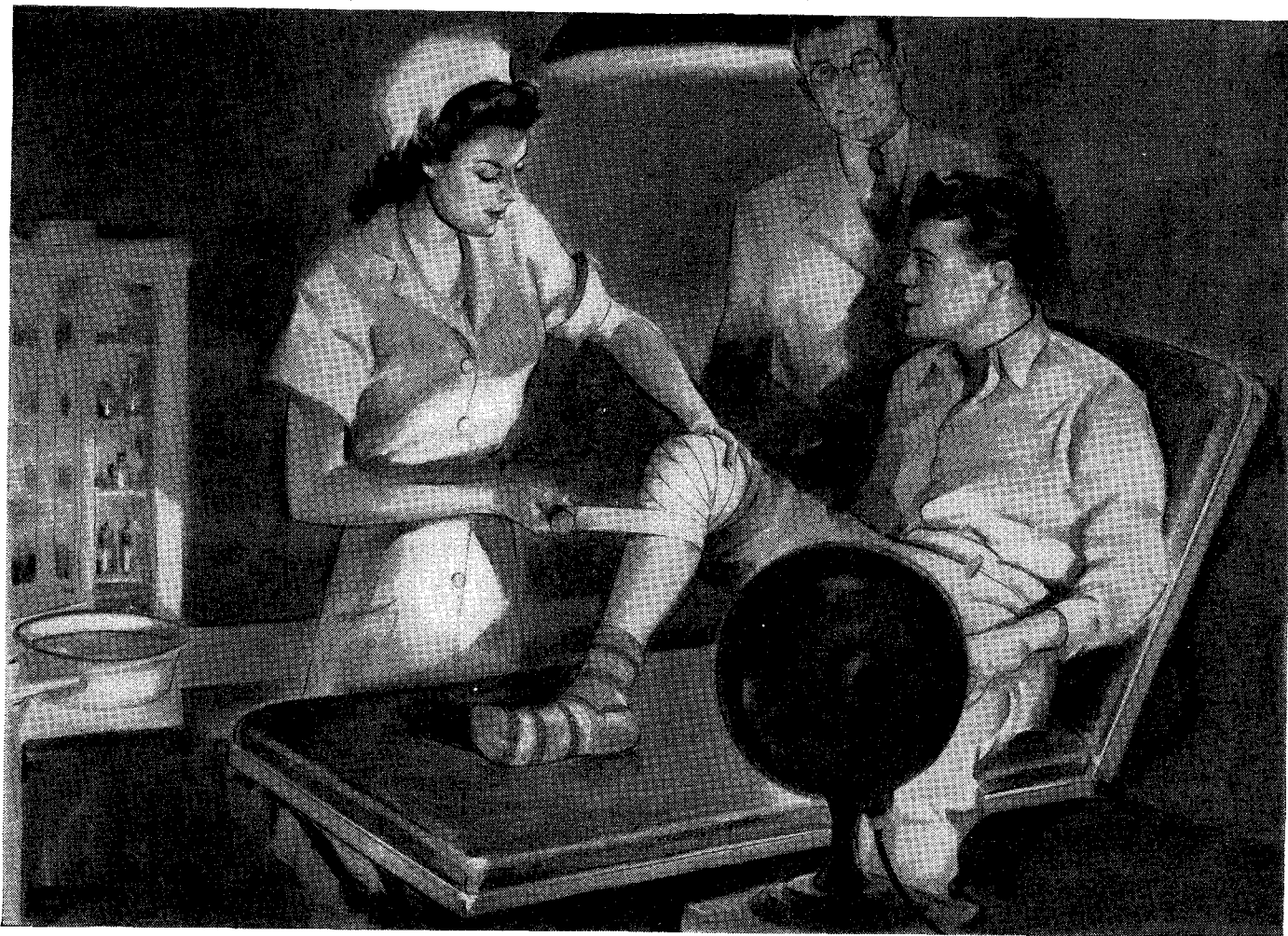
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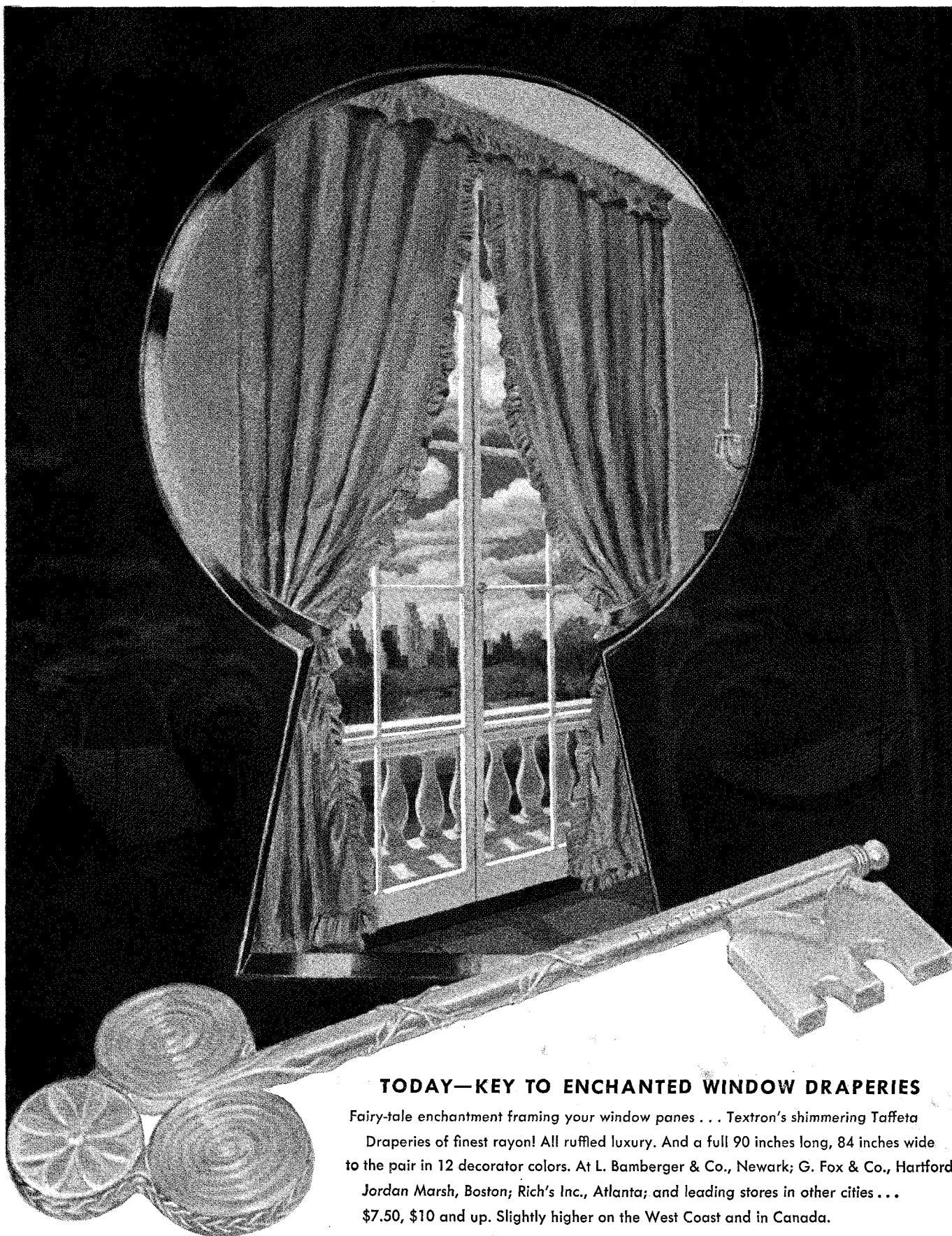
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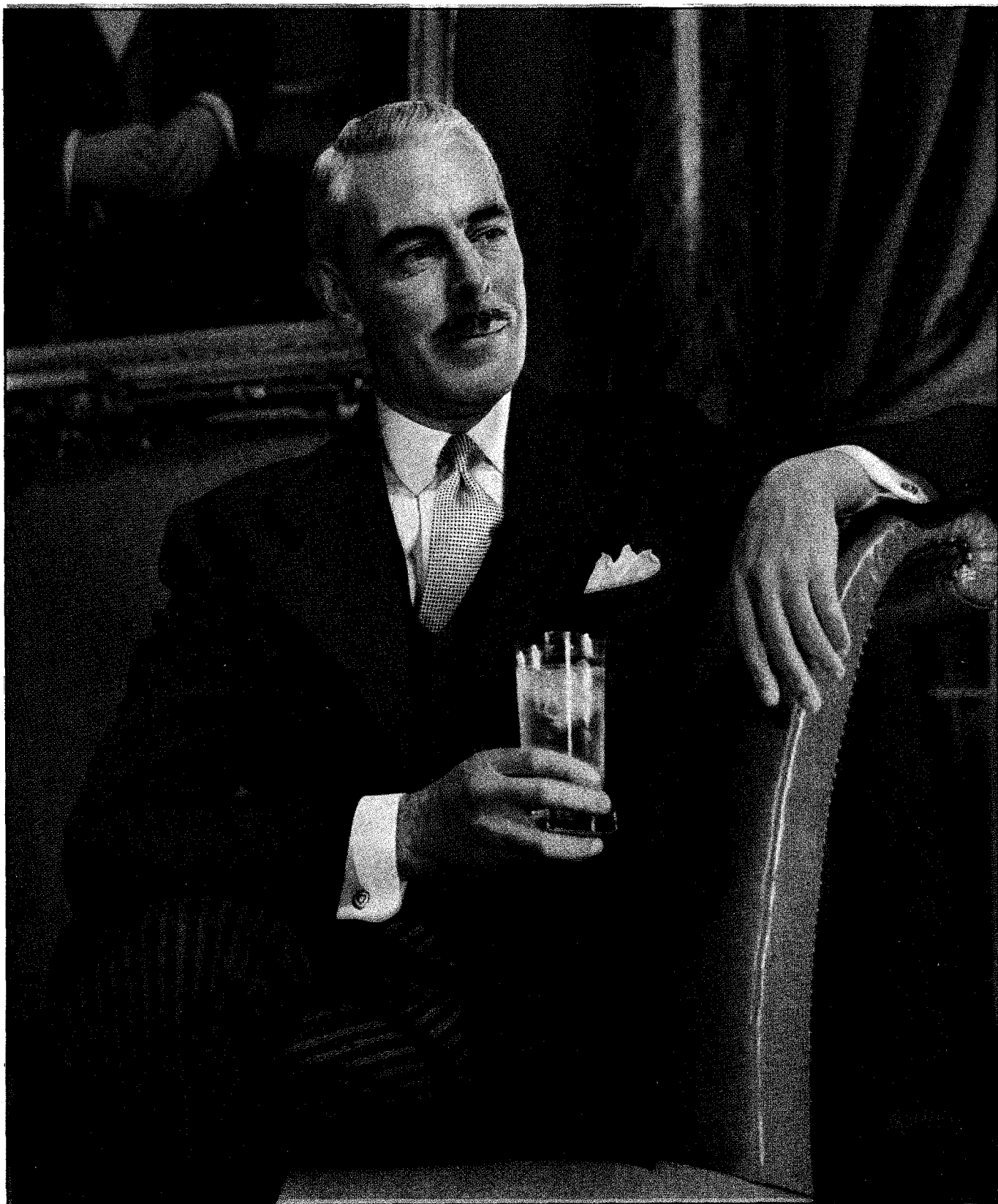
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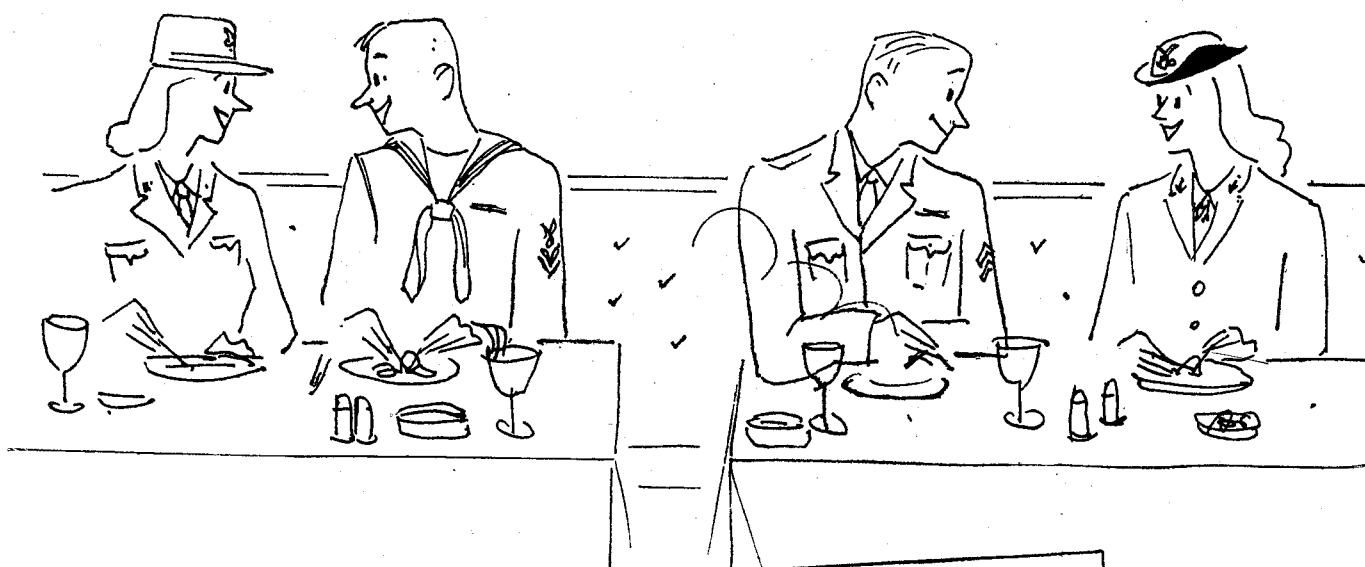
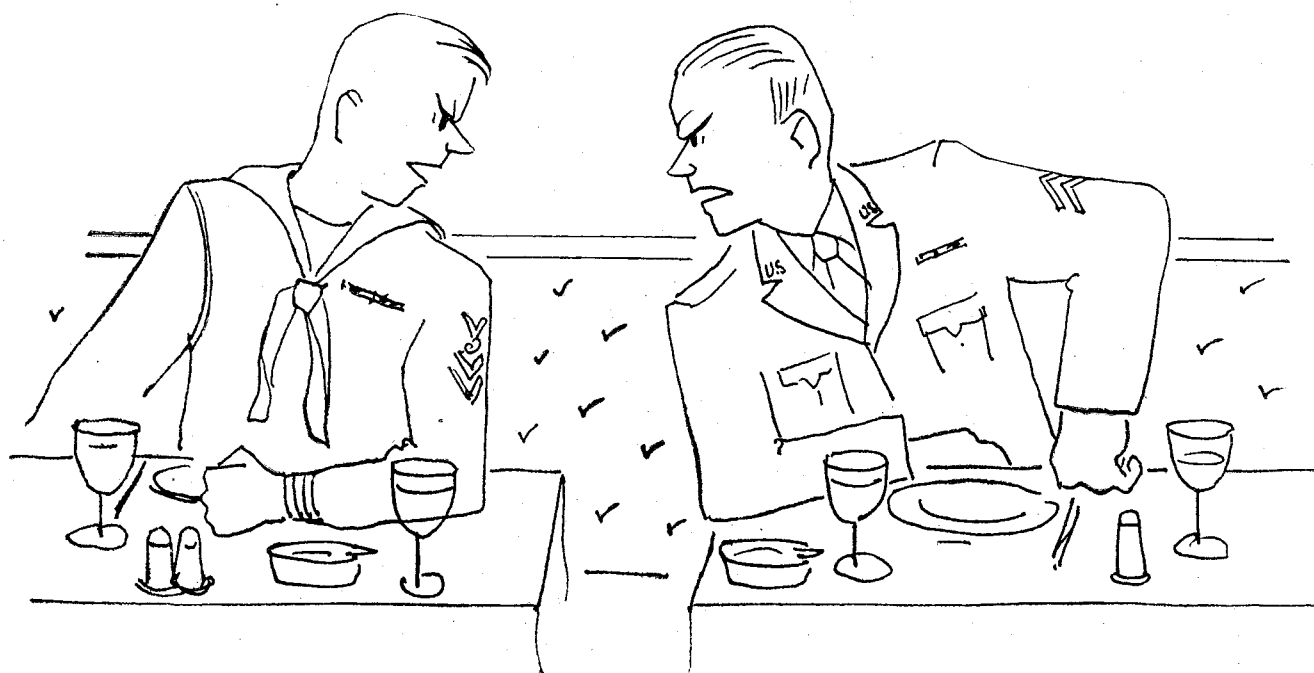
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LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.



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**Nor the Power of the Magazine Women believe in!**

Women are wonderful! They get what they go for despite a little matter of uniforms — or paper shortages. For example, they bought 97% of the newsstand copies of the January Journal in the first two weeks of the sales period. All recent issues have been sell-outs — less than one-half of one per cent return.

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**JOURNAL**

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## **the jumper**

**young in feeling and design.**

**Sophisticated in cut and fit. Broad**

**shoulders, narrow hips. Shown here**

**in rayon shantung in navy blue with**

**sleeves and yoke striped dramatically in**

**white. Also in black, with black and white stripes.**

**Sizes 10 to 18, 29.95.**

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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### Notes and Comment

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT has proclaimed that it is O.K. to imprint the American flag on canned goods for export by the Foreign Economic Administration. A tin can flying a flag is unquestionably the quickest road to empire. Britain would never have got where she did without Huntley & Palmer, and presumably this nation could conquer the earth with Boston baked beans. Our feeling, however, is that food should not be used as a vehicle of nationality, because it is much too easy and far too dangerous. A happy solution might be to perpetuate the United Nations, create a U.N. flag, and prohibit any other imprint on tin cans containing edibles. Then when a hungry man in the Antipodes sat down to a canned meal, he could dine on American beans and British biscuits without splitting his loyalty or risking his grandchildren's necks.

**T**HAT anonymous Swedish businessman who shuttles in and out of Germany and supplies American correspondents with bits of first-hand information is easily the world's worst reporter. We already know, without him, that morale is low, air-raid shelters are overcrowded, and food is lacking in variety. But is it still possible, for instance, for a jealous husband to have his wife shadowed? Is there a German version of Quentin Reynolds, Frank Sinatra, John Marquand, Jake Shubert, El Morocco, the all-night radio program, costume jewelry, the synthetic orange drink, the black market in bobby pins? Are any Germans being psychoanalyzed, or having their scalps treated, or following the Hay Diet? And the movies—are

there any German actors as good at playing enemy menaces as Cregar and Slezak and Preminger? If the *Times* will cable for some information of this sort, we'll gladly pay the toll.

**G**EORGE SELDES, in the *Saturday Review*, says he has never known of an editorial writer who wrote as he pleased. This makes us a kept man. We often wonder about our life in our bordello, whether such an existence erodes one's character or builds it. An editorial page is a fuzzy performance, any way you look at it, since it affects a composite personality with an editorial "we" for a front. Once in a while we think of ourself as "we," but not often. The word "ourself" is the giveaway—the plural "our," the singular "self," united in a common cause. "Ourself" is real. It means "over-self," which reminds us that we should try to dig up a writer named Emerson for this page.

At any rate, we have evolved (and this may interest Mr. Seldes) a system for the smooth operation of a literary bordello. The system is this: We write as we please, and the magazine publishes as it pleases. When the two pleasures coincide, something gets into print. When they don't, the reader draws a blank. It is a system we recommend—the only one, in fact, under which we are willing to be kept. Mr. Seldes can undoubtedly prove that it comes to the same, in the end, as if we deliberately shaped our ideas to a prescribed pattern,

but in order to do that he will have to write another article, so at least we've made work for somebody and are not entirely frivolous and useless. Of course, a good deal depends on the aims of a publication. The more devious the motives of his employer, the more difficult for a writer to write as he pleases. As far as we have been able to discover, the keepers of this house have two aims: the first is to make money, the second is to make sense. We have watched for other motives, but we have never turned up any. That makes for good working conditions, and we write this as a sort of small, delayed tribute to our house. Any time Mr. Seldes wants to see writers writing as they please, he can just step off the elevator and take a gander at us. By us, of course, we mean ourself. Emerson's the name. Call us Ralph.

**A** SOLDIER friend of ours, here on leave, chanced to notice, some hours after a night on the town, that a little sticker had been pasted on the sweatband of his hat, advertising the Stork Club. He had spent a few hours there, and he concluded that the job had been done by a hatcheck girl, presumably under orders. He dropped the matter (and the sticker) there, but we are not prepared to dismiss it so lightly. We have long admired the skillful and relentless way in which the Stork Club has burrowed its way into the public consciousness, but this is going too far. Furthermore, Mr. Billingsley's evident assumption that the inside of a







*"I love it! It's like a game."*

man's hat constitutes an effective billboard seems to us unwarranted; a man rarely looks at the inside of a hat unless he thinks he has picked up somebody else's by mistake. We regard the move as a serious violation of man's privacy, a furtive intrusion into a niche where man's own initials have long stood in unmolested dignity. If a man wants to put additional data inside his hat, it should be his secret and personal business. Perhaps the Stork Club pastes its stickers on the outside of civilian hats, and the other method applies only to military men, on the theory that the War Department might object to any outward tampering with the uniform. If that is so, we trust that the Army will not take it lying down.

### *South Seas Stuff*

**A** NAVAL officer stationed in New Guinea writes us that he was recently privileged to see a native dance. Hundreds of the natives gathered from miles around, dressed in their ceremonial costumes—feathered headdresses, necklaces of human teeth,

snakeskin armbands, loincloths of bright calico, and the like. Some of them, however, apparently agreeing with Mayor La Guardia that America is going to be the postwar fashion centre, wore headdresses made from color pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* and necklaces and armbands fashioned of cellophane. One young sprig was girded in a white loincloth that bore the nostalgic words "Hotel Taft." After the dance, instead of walking home, the natives all stood at the roadside trying to thumb rides in the jeeps.

### *Project*

**W**E have had a brief talk with Mr. A. Walkowitz, who, as probably everyone knows, is the subject of those one hundred portraits currently on exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. He has long been a fixture around New York. He has been painting and exhibiting locally since the early years of the century, when he achieved some prominence as a Modernist. Last year he got the notion of having a great many artists paint his portrait, persuaded them

one way and another to do so, posed for the pictures, and arranged for their hanging at the museum. It was there, in a fifth-floor gallery, surrounded by Walkowitzes, that we found him. He is a short, roundish man in his middle sixties, with thick white hair and a baby-pink complexion. "How Walkowitz has survived is a miracle," Walkowitz said to us. "It was a terrific year." He led us to a bench in the centre of the gallery and told us that he spends most of his time at the museum these days, looking at the various versions of himself. A small boy interrupted to ask, "You the same Mr. Walkowitz on the wall?" "Yes and no; go away," said Walkowitz, and the boy went.

Walkowitz told us he lost fifteen pounds last year and that he occasionally fainted from the strain of posing. For

a week before the exhibit opened he ran a steady fever of 102. He sat seven days a week, sometimes for as much as eight hours at a stretch, except for two weeks he took off to go to Gloucester. His original idea was fifty portraits, but by the time he reached that goal he was like a man possessed. His momentum swept him on eventually to a total of a hundred and twenty. When it came to the exhibit, the museum officials would hang only a hundred. Three days before the show opened, Walkowitz decided that death from exhaustion was imminent and asked to have a coffin placed in the centre of the gallery, for ready use. The museum nixed that scheme.

Walkowitz actually spent more time and energy rounding up artists than he did posing. For example, he first approached Harry Sternberg while Sternberg was holding an open-air class in Washington Square. "Paint my portrait, Harry," he said, and Sternberg said sure, sometime. Within a week, Walkowitz had accosted Sternberg at two exhibits, raised the point several times at chance meetings on the street, and climbed three flights to his studio



four times. Sternberg gave in. "I climbed hundreds and millions of steps," Walkowitz says. During his sittings, he always tried to communicate something of himself to the artists. "The minute I got into de Creeft's studio," he said, "I closed my eyes and cried, 'De Creeft! Look! I'm like Beethoven.'" At Tschachbasov's studio, Walkowitz removed his shirt, ruffled his hair, and said, "I'm Walt Whitman." Tschachbasov, his mind on other things, drew Walkowitz as a wrinkled old man in his undershirt, with a kerchief around his neck and two dachshunds in the upper right corner of the picture. Moise Kisling begged off at first on the ground that he painted nothing but women and children, but Walkowitz said, "Kisling, come on, I'm a child," and two hours later another portrait was done. At Maurice Becker's studio, Walkowitz wore his hat because there was no heat. Becker drew him as just a cold Walkowitz. He caught Art Young, an old friend, not many days before his death. They took a stroll through Gramercy Park and Young made a rapid sketch as they walked.

While posing, Walkowitz generally talked a blue streak. He feels this bolstered the artists' morale. "I watched their faces," he said, "and if they looked tired I'd mention El Greco, making no direct comparison, you understand, but starting a train of thought. I'd be radiant and communicate beauty. I'd relax and they'd relax. We'd discuss matters of light and shade, or talk about people who buy old masters and let modern artists starve. 'Patrons,' I'd say. 'They call them patrons! Phooey. They're art criminals!' Or I'd say that paintings are *alive*, maybe not breathing and talking but *alive*! Or maybe we'd stop and have lunch." Walkowitz told us that up to the time his project overwhelmed him he spent most of his days either at exhibits on Fifty-seventh Street, wandering through Times Square, or tak-

ing strolls along the boardwalk at Coney Island. He lives with a sister in Brooklyn. He paid all the bills for the exhibit and estimates that carfare, telephone calls, and catalogues cost him around eight hundred dollars. Most of the artists will take their pictures back at the end of the exhibit, but some have given them to Walkowitz, for old time's sake.

### Bad Notice

TWO matrons outward bound on the Long Island Railroad fell to discussing the drama, and one of them remarked that she'd like to see "The Voice of the Turtle" but hadn't been able to get tickets. "Well, I did see it," her friend said. "But, you know, I'd been reading 'The Apostle,' and all through the play I kept thinking, 'What would Paul have said about this?'"

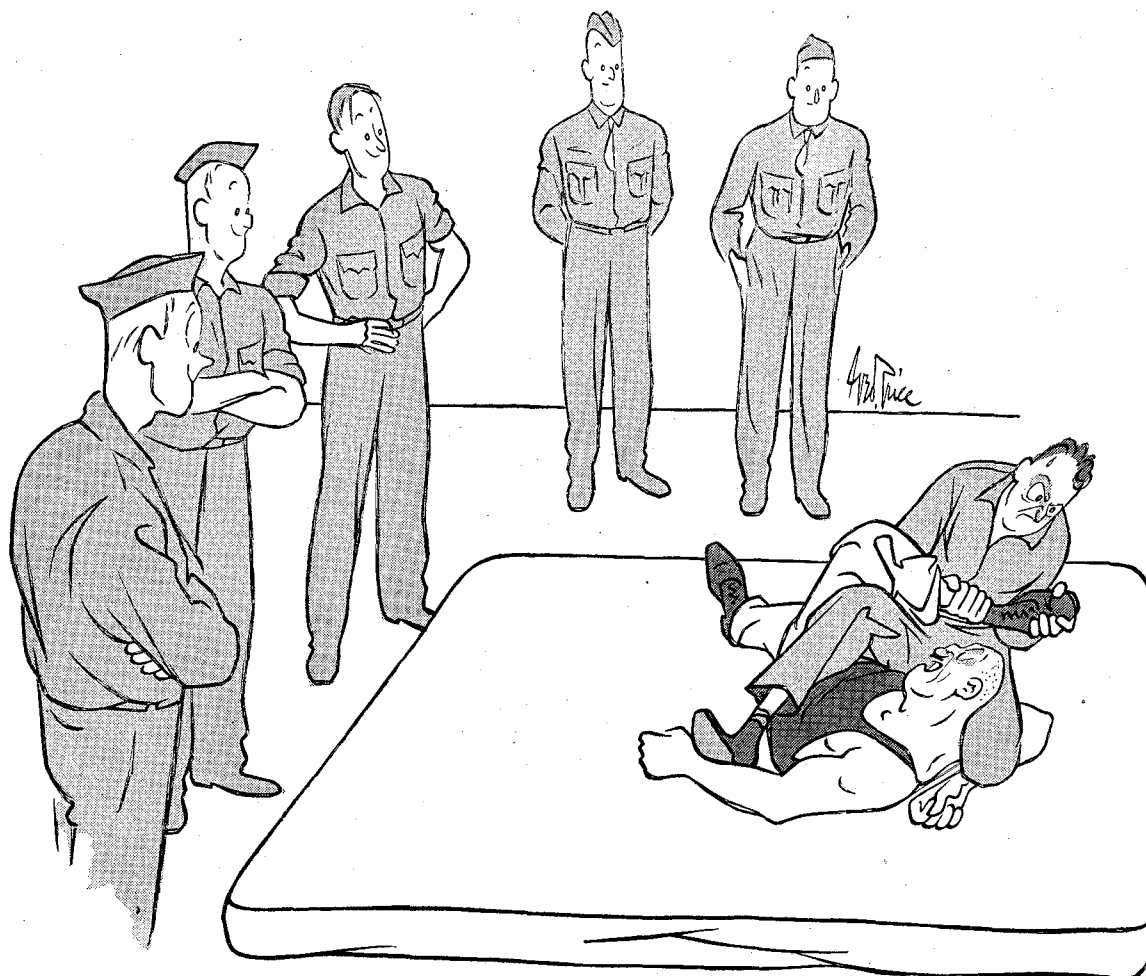
### Insubordination

THE things that can happen to a newly fledged second lieutenant! The things that can happen to a bride-

groom! A wealthy but harmless young man who arrived at a Midwestern Army post with a new commission and a bride hadn't been there a week before he was sent for by the commanding officer of the post, a colonel. "My wife informs me that your wife has hired our maid at a considerable increase in wages," the colonel said. "There is nothing against this in the Army regulations, of course. There is nothing against it in the Articles of War. But . . ." The rest of the story is far too grim to tell.

### Our Own Baedeker

TRUK is one of the Caroline Islands, but this is a vague way to locate an island, since there are six hundred Carolines, spread over an area two thousand miles long and several hundred miles wide, running parallel to the Equator and just north of it. Most of the islands are negligible, and wouldn't even provide lebensraum for a Jap; in fact, the total area of the group is only four hundred square miles. There are four large islands in the Carolines: Yap, at the western end; Ponape and Kusaie, at



"O.K. So occasionally the enemy overpowers you."



the eastern end, and Truk, in the middle. *Their* combined area is about three hundred square miles. Truk, as you probably found out a couple of weeks ago, is encircled by a hundred-and-forty-mile coral reef. Within the lagoon formed by this reef are a dozen or so islands, the biggest of which measures eight square miles. They are the tops of volcanic mountains pushed up from the ocean bed. The history of the Carolines is brief and, until recently, unexciting. The Spanish and Portuguese touched there early in the sixteenth century. White men thereafter had little occasion to call thereabouts until around a hundred years ago, when whalers frequented the surrounding waters. At this time the natives were introduced to the delights of distilled liquor, gunpowder, and syphilis. The Spanish had control of the islands until 1899, when they sold out to the Germans. The Japs took over in 1914, and since 1920 have ruled under a League of Nations mandate which, if you ask us, ought to be revoked right away.

As elsewhere in the Carolines, the natives are Kanakas. They came in little boats from the Malay Peninsula in the dim past, and in the course of history picked up traces of Mongolian and Melanesian blood. The shore-dwelling tribes are lighter than the hill-dwelling people. At the last count, there were about thirty-seven thousand Kanakas in the Carolines (song cue), ten thousand of them on Truk. The population remains stable because there is just so much food. Breadfruit is the staple diet, supplemented, naturally, with fish. The natives are old at thirty-five and usually die at forty. Trading has of late years been wholly with Japan and is mainly concerned with copra, turtle shell, mother-of-pearl, and sea cucumbers, from which Oriental gourmets make soup. On Truk there are forty Kanaka tribes, or that was the case at last report, some years ago. The only concession the Kanakas make to convention is to expand their ear lobes and to heighten their complexions with an orange-colored cosmetic made of the ground root of wild ginger. Their idea of fun is a *fadanap*, which may be described as a kind of church supper. Everybody brings some breadfruit, the elders collect it and divide it up among the guests, they eat it, and then everybody goes



home. Until the Japs came along, the Truk Kanakas had women's suffrage, or at least the ladies had a voice in the public councils. Maybe they still have, for all anyone in New York knows. The natives all believe in evil spirits in nature and in ghosts, and are polite to both. They dance frequently, to drums covered with the skin of the sting ray, and they stupefy fish with the juice of a creeper resembling the wisteria.

Except from a strategic point of view, the island of Yap is much more interesting. There are remnants of a vanished civilization of a pretty high order—stone embankments and terraces, roads paved with stone blocks, and quaintly designed public buildings with high gables and carved pillars. Nobody has ever been able to tie these relics up with any known civilization. The Yap natives once used stone discs for money, quarrying it hundreds of miles away in the Palau Islands and bringing it back by canoe. The distance kept money scarce, and a disc only three fingers in diameter would buy a pig, until an Occidental opportunist named O'Keefe arrived with a whole schoonerful of stone money and bought everything on the island. Since then the people of Yap have just sat around—haven't even had the spirit to get dressed and go down to Wall Street.

### Politics

A STIRRING though undoubtedly inconsequential encounter took place last week in one of those midtown restaurants which employ hostesses to ask the patrons if everything is all right. The hostess, a soulful little brunette number, slithered up to a pink-and-white businessman and put the question to him; he said yes, everything was fine, only he had forgotten to bring his news-

paper to lunch with him. She vanished for a moment and returned with a nice, crisp copy of the *Post*, which she laid beside his plate. "What's this?" he asked. "Didn't you want a newspaper?" she said. "Yes, I did," he barked. "But I wanted the *Telegram*, of course. Only thing fit to read in any of the papers is Westbrook Pegler." "Why, you awful old man," she said. That was all that happened. The awful old man went on eating creamed oysters and the little hostess went back to asking the patrons if everything was all right.

### I. Q.

PEOPLE who listen to the radio know about Joel Kupperman of Chicago and people who don't; it is purely for this latter group, then, that we have collected some first-hand impressions of him. Joel is the youngest of the Quiz Kids, who, under the sponsorship of Alka-Seltzer, are on the air every Sunday at seven-thirty, extracting the cube roots of large numbers, repeating recondite bits of poetry, and giving (for instance) the name of the captain of Columbus's flagship. Joel, whom we interviewed last week at the Beaux Arts Apartments, is a dark, husky, nice-looking lad, eleven years under draft age. He's a restless conversationalist, given to prowling about the room, climbing over chairs and tables, and hanging one leg out the window. He's in town on a War Bond tour, along with three other Quiz kids named Ruthie, Harve, and Richard, all several years older than he is. However, in that set it isn't age but I.Q. that counts, and Joel's I.Q. is over 200. There is no history on either side of the Kupperman family of any such precocity, we were told by Joel's mother, a small, somewhat worried-looking lady. "I just don't know *how* it happened," she said.

Joel was scheduled to appear that evening on the Fred Allen program, a prospect which he was facing cheerfully despite memories of a previous appearance with Allen during which another performer tripped and fell on him. "Knocked me flat and fell square on top of me," Joel said moodily. "I had a bloody knee, had a bloody arm. I was bawling like a baby." Nevertheless, Joel scrambled to his feet, with the tears



streaming down his face, and delivered his lines on cue. This made him something of a hero to Allen, but the feeling is not entirely reciprocal, we gathered. "Of course Mr. Allen is *good* and *kind*," Joel told us, "but if you are to ask me, I do not think he is so very funny. Well, in some ways you could call him a very interesting man, though. You would be astonished at what that man knows about French medieval history."

Joel's father is an engineer for the city of Chicago, which partially explains Joel's proficiency in mathematics; he and the old man talk algebra by the hour. At the time of our interview, they had just done Joel's income tax together. "I don't see what all the fuss is about," Joel remarked. "Just a little simple addition and subtraction. And multiplication." Mr. Kupperman first realized that he had a fellow-mathematician in the family when he saw that his infant son, instead of chewing the beads on the side of his crib, was using them as an abacus and apparently doing calculations on them. When Joel was five, his father bought him an arithmetic book, and he immediately discovered a mistake, to which he called the publisher's attention in the following letter: "You made a mistake in an answer on Page 123. The second problem is 392 not 492. 3,136 divided by 8 is 392 not 492. I am five years old but I play with numbers. My grandfather has teeth that he takes out to wash, but he is smart. With love, Joel Kupperman." Shortly after this his kindergarten teacher, perhaps in self-defense, suggested that he get in touch with the Quiz Kids program. Since then he has been a Quiz Kid on and off (there's a complicated system of dropping some of the participants who don't do well and making them work their way back to the top again); when he's on, he earns seventy-five a week (in the form of a hundred-dollar War Bond) and, as the actors say, he eats. He has just completed a picture for Universal. "It is a very good picture. I have seen it and I cannot help but recommend it to you," he said.

Joel is held down to an allowance of twenty-six cents

a week, but when he was in Hollywood it was temporarily raised. "I think that my parents do not want to encourage inflation," he said. This winter he discovered the sports pages—he reads both the *Chicago Sun* and *Tribune*—and now professes an interest in football, basketball, and hockey. He may yet work up an interest in baseball, too; there hasn't been any, of course, since he discovered athletics. "I will wait for summertime and make my decision," he remarked. Mrs. Kupperman does her best to talk as if Joel were an ordinary little boy, rather backward if anything, but to our eyes, he seems to be on to that. He's concerned at the moment with keeping track of a loose tooth, which is already wobbly. "Might be worth considerable money to the government; you know," he told us, wiggling the tooth. "The one I lost last week I gave to a War Bond auction down in Tennessee—probably got the Treasury lots and lots of money."

### Rebate

**A** CABBY—Mr. Frank Whitz, of 2105 Mohegan Avenue, the Bronx—gave us an example the other

day of the singularity of Southerners. "This Southern-talking soldier, a corporal, got in my cab in front of the Stage Door Canteen," Mr. Whitz said, "and told me to drive to the Village. Right after he got in, he hunched himself up and began to watch the meter. After a while he says, 'Look here, bud, those nickels sure do drop fast!' So I explained the workings of the meter to him, that the meter registered a nickel for every five blocks, more or less, that the cab went forward. This Southerner didn't know the number he wanted, but he knew the house; it was on Tenth, he said, around the middle of the block between Fifth and Sixth. When I turned into Tenth, he told me to proceed slowly, which I did. All of a sudden he sang out to stop, but I went a few feet further in order to pass a hydrant, and as I did another nickel showed up. 'Now you've gone and done it!' the Southerner said. 'I told you to stop, but you went ahead and cost me another nickel, so back the car up.' I said to him, 'What will I back it up for?' He got mad. 'Back this car up, boy!' he said. 'Back it up and back that nickel off the meter.'"



"... thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four, thirty-five ..."





*"Young woman, do you realize my time is worth thirty dollars a minute?"*



## PALE HANDS I LOATHE

**T**O paraphrase Omar the Tentmaker slightly (oh, come on, it can't hurt to paraphrase Omar the Tentmaker just a teeny bit), I often wonder what the editors of the *Woman's Home Companion* buy one half so precious as the thing they sell. The thing they sell me, specifically, is nepenthe; whenever my salt loses its savor, I know I can find heartsease in those shiny, optimistic pages, whether in the latest prize-winning recipe for macaroni-and-cheese timbales or some ingenious method of canning babies for winter use. More than a companion, yet less than a mistress, it is my home away from home, my wife away from wife, my dream girl of the magazine world. *Woman's Home Companion*, I adore you.

It was, therefore, with a sense of disquietude that I detected in the February issue a certain monotony I had never noticed before. The infants gurgled on as darling and cuddlesome as ever; the meat loaves and veal birds were, if anything, even more economical than they had been in the January number. But instead of the rich pastiche of lingerie and soufflés I expected in the advertising columns, I found only a series of variations on a single theme—the care of Milady's hands. For page after page, the manufacturers of innumerable unguents and lotions endlessly conjugated the tragedy of rough, chapped hands. "My poor hands!" sniffled the housewife in the advertisement for Pacquins Hand Cream. "They made me feel like an OLD TURKEY," and to dramatize the full poignancy of her affliction, the victim was shown in a second phase transmuted into an aged, weather-beaten turkey. "I use HINDS—that HONEY of a lotion," crowed another housewife, hefting a coal scuttle and celebrating you-know-whose Honey and Almond Cream. Jergens Lotion took a rather more romantic approach and portrayed a handsome officer nibbling at his fiancée's fingers, while Campana Cream Balm presented a pair of war sweethearts over the hushed caption: "It was one of those golden, delirious moments... impulsively his hands sought mine... and together we welcomed the first tender touch of romance." Toushay, the "Beforehand" Lotion, demonstrated its versatility with four mysterious vignettes of a young lady stroking a kitten, washing her undies, simpering at some convalescent soldiers, and finally nuzzling her warrior, home on leave.

It was our humdrum old friend Ivory Soap, though, that put its competitors to shame and set my ordinarily robust stomach palpitating like a plate of junket. It depicted a personable matron fondly discussing her mate over the telephone with some undisclosed critic, as follows: "Hard-boiled? *Him*? Don't you believe it! What hard-boiled husband would tramp halfway across town to get that special coffee cake I adore so for Sunday breakfast? Would a really tough guy take time out now and then—like in the middle of his favorite pecan pie—just to grab my hands and kiss them? Yes—gruff as he seems to others, in private he fairly *raves* about my pretty hands!"

**I** HAVE searched diligently through Stekel, Jung, Brill, Menninger, and Zilboorg for a clue to this interesting form of hand worship, but can find no analogous instance, either with or without pecans. I suspect, however, that if we pull on a pair of waders and whip the husband's stream of consciousness, using the kind of tackle Mr. Joyce employed on Leopold Bloom, we may catch a few shiners. Here, then, is the interior monologue of Lester Wagenhals, incisive, hard-bitten office manager of the Puissant Valve & Flange Corporation, as he sits at his desk about five o'clock of a midwinter afternoon:

"Funny taste in my mouth. Must be that noodle ring I had for lunch. Urr-gh. Good thing I keep extra bag of pecans in desk drawer. Careful now. Secretary might walk in. Nasty little

snooper. Lovely hands, though. Wish I could bite them. Better not. Can't afford scandal. Just one quick bite? No. Complications. Lose my head. One bite leads to another. Road to hell paved with soft white hands. Good thought there. Wasting my time in business. Should have been poet. Plenty of mazuma in poetry if a man went at it efficiently. Snug studio in Greenwich Village. High jinks. Red wine and red-hot mammas. Turn your damper down. Life in the old boy yet. Man is as young as he feels. Lick my weight in wildcats.

"Ought to finish this letter to Abernethy about those bushings. *Yours of the 14th inst. to hand.* There I go again. Hands all over the place. Try again. *Cannot see our way clear to take consignment off your hands.* No good. Sleep on it. Best not to rush into these things, anyway. Past five o'clock. Eunice waiting. Comb my hair and wash my. Steady. Lean against filing cabinet a second. Buzzing in the temples. Never should have eaten that noodle ring. Scores die as police blame poisoned noodle ring. FBI uncovers secret noodle ring in Midwest. Wait. Wipe perspiration off forehead. Reception clerk might blab to J.B. Can hear them talking right now. Wagenhals slowing up. Nice old duffer but can't keep abreast of modern methods. Organization full of deadwood. Terminating as of the first. One month's salary in recognition of the service you have ren. Appreciate if you will explain system to Mr. Samish, the dirty sneak you have been protecting right in your own office. Law of the jungle, dog eat dog, root or die. Alert, capable executive desires wide-awake connection. Sorry, position just filled. Sorry, looking for aggressive younger man. Will call you if anything. Compelled to foreclose. Beg to advise that insurance has lapsed. Some bank with facilities for handling smaller accounts like yours. Eunice taking in washing. Rough laundry hands. No more pecan pies. Bellevue. Oh, my God.

"Buck up now. Walk slowly past their desks. Bunch of clock-watchers. Lazy, no-good riffraff. Give them the old glare. Snap their heads off. Carlson at the water-cooler. O.K., Carlson, your goose is cooked. *Racing Form* sticking out of Bender's pocket. Knock them off tonight. No, tomorrow will do. Much too kindhearted for my own good.

"There. Lucky my getting this elevator car. Cute brunette, that operator. Pity she wears gloves. Bet she







*"All right, all right! I suppose we could bill you as the strongest 4F in the country."*

has superb hands. Ask her for a peek? No, might misunderstand. Invite her out for cocktail sometime. Pretend I'm big advertising man. Need model with special type of fingers to pose for national account. Strictly business, no monkeyshines. Careful not to frighten her off. Discuss various types of hands. Purely scientific spirit. Index of character, they say. Yours, for example. Cold hands, warm heart. Paternal smile, old enough to be your father. Casually mention wife. Hopeless invalid. Haven't had anything to do with her hands for years. Pile it on. Man needs pair of soft white hands to come home to. Home is where the hands are. Just the same, better use pseudonym. Never can tell about these dolls. Lead you on and then the shakedown. Man in Cleveland who fell for lady elevator starter. Turned out to be head of Midwest blackmail ring. Stripped him of his last noodle. Urr-r-gh. That taste again.

"Fresh air feels good. Where did I say meet Eunice? Astor? Plaza? No, Biltmore lobby. Walk along Sixth. Interesting shops around here. Secrets of the Polynesian Love Cults. Figure Drawing for Second-Year Sadists. Nice

prints in this art store. French kid wearing porcelain casserole on head. Pretty racy if you could read the text. Plaster-of-Paris Venus. Ditto foot and hand. Chap who designed that never saw woman's hand. Do better with my eyes closed. Outrage the way they mulct unsuspecting public. Law against it. Letter to the *Times*. Couldn't palm it off on yours truly. Palm off hand. Neat phrase. Work it in.

"Green light. Cross now. Too late, catch it next corner. Automat coming up. Just time for fast pecan bun before Eunice. No, mustn't. Sure to smell it on my breath. Use cloves. Only an evasion. Can't hurt to look in window, though. Row on row of delicious, crackly. Who's to tell? Never know when some friend of Eunice. Oh, rats. Only live once. Long time dead. Long time no pecan bun. Look up and down first. Hurry.

"Easy now. People looking at you. Stop trembling. Debonair stroll. Man of the world dropping in for late-afternoon snack. Nothing out of the ordinary. Draw hot chocolate first. Enough. Don't bother with saucer. Now the pastry. More pecans on the twist than the buns. Count them. Don't be a sheep.

Get your money's worth. Look out, manager watching you. Three nickels, quickly. Something wrong. Door is stuck. Hit it. Pound it. There, it's opening. So is the panel in back. Woman's hand reaching through. Exquisite, tapering fingers redolent of Ivory Soap. One little kiss. Opportunity of a lifetime. Grab them, you fool! Yum yum yum yum. . . Capital. Now all I have to do is talk my way out of this."

—S. J. PERELMAN

### WAR SONG

Soldier, in a curious land  
All across a swaying sea,  
Take her smile and lift her hand—  
Have no guilt of me.

Soldier, when were soldiers true?  
If she's kind and sweet and gay,  
Use the wish I send to you—  
Lie not lone till day!

Only, for the nights that were,  
Soldier, and the dawns that came,  
When in sleep you turn to her  
Call her by my name.

—DOROTHY PARKER



## WHEN BULGARIA FELL

**B**HIM TAL is a small hill station in the Kumaun district of the lower Himalayas, and it was there that, as a child, I spent many months of the long summers which, in India, drive white people to the hills. The balcony of our house leaned over terraces planted to citron trees and beyond them we could see a lake, circled by a narrow road, and the tiled or tin roofs of other houses almost hidden among the trees on the hill beyond the lake. There were six of us: my parents, my two younger brothers, my younger sister, and myself. I was fourteen and the other children descended in steps, a couple of years apart. We had an older brother who was an officer in the Indian Army; we had not seen him for a long time but he expected to get leave and come to the hills to say goodbye before his regiment went overseas. It was the fourth year of the first World War.

On a wall of my father's room hung a large map of Europe and on that map for four years we had followed the course of the war. Now the little colored flags were faded and all over the part that was France, my father's native land, and the part that was Belgium were pencil marks and notes in my father's writing. In one place near the bottom of the map, a black circle enclosed the kingdom of Albania. We remembered the day three months before when my father had placed that circle round Albania, after he read us a letter which had just come. The letter was from a relative and it told us of the death, in Koritza, of my father's youngest sister, Marthe, a nurse in the French Red Cross Corps who was stationed in Albania. Overworked and overtired, she had refused any respite from her duties and had died of influenza. The letter went on to tell us that she had been decorated with the Croix de Guerre avec Palme, the Médaille des Colonies, the Médaille d'Or des Epidémies, and the Citation de l'Armée. It ended thus:

*"Tous les jardins de Koritza avaient donné leur plus floraison comme un dernier tri-*

*but à celle qui s'était dépensée pour les malades de France et les enfants de la ville."*

There were other circles on the map, islands set amongst the contending armies of tiny flags which for three years had marked the retreat of the Allies but which now, in September, 1918, marked the retreat of the Germans and the Bulgarians. My mother's family was English and there were circles marked "Arthur," "Norman," "Charles," "Ben," to show where her relatives were stationed or had fallen in battle. My father's family, all French, was represented by circles labelled "Philippe," "Jean," "Georges," and now, in Albania, by the circle for Marthe.

September was a clear, warm month in the hills and the air had a washed look after the long rains. On the road that bordered the lake we often met soldiers, English and Indian, coming home on leave or going back to join their regiments on the plains. The map, and thoughts about my older brother, brought the war close to us. Otherwise it might have been easy to forget, for here was peace—peace, a condition animated only by minor upheavals and the everyday preoccupations as native to it as the circulation of our blood is native to our body.

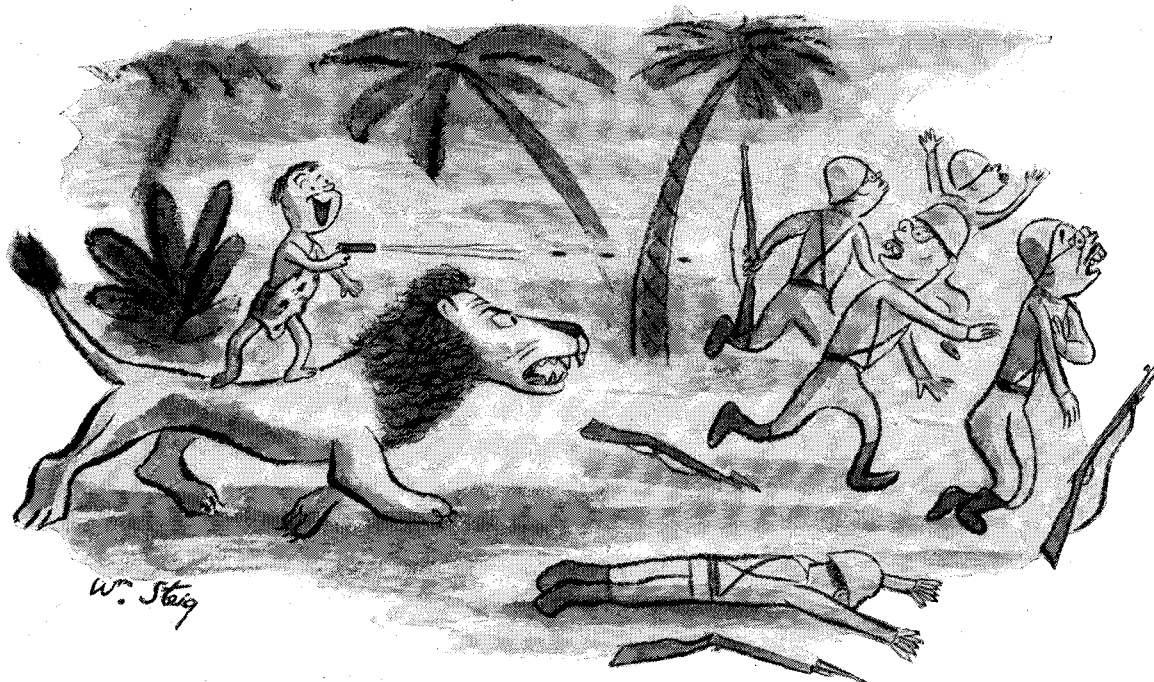
One day my father came out on the balcony carrying a newspaper. His eyes had a fierce, bright light. "Bulgaria has appealed for an armistice," he announced. He read the dispatch aloud,

then added, "This is the beginning of the end."

**T**HREE days later we prepared to go pheasant shooting—my father, my twelve-year-old brother, and myself. The two younger children would stay at home with my mother. As we were about to leave, my father turned to her and said, "If we're late and the news should come through, do have the bonfire lighted for us, won't you?" We children had been promised a celebration on the day Bulgaria gave in, and a great stack of brush stood ready on the lower terrace. My mother promised, if the news arrived, to light the fire the moment darkness fell, and we whistled to our spaniels and set off down the hill, followed by Govind, the gunbearer.

The house was soon lost among the trees and presently the lake disappeared in a fold of the hills. Govind sang under his breath. He was a Pahari, slit-eyed and spry as a goat. Today he wore a pair of my brother's castoff khaki shorts and an old shirt. A canvas game bag was slung over his shoulder and a hunting knife strapped to his belt. He walked on bare, tireless feet.

We left the road and plunged down a thread of path into the scrubby jungle. My father loaded his shotgun and sent the dogs into the brush, where we heard them padding about and panting but could not see them. Then came a whimpering and the sudden rush of a rising bird, followed by a crescendo of barks as a pheasant settled in a tree. Now it was our duty to make a circle back of



DREAMS OF GLORY



the tree and drive the bird across the open path so my father could get a good shot at it. We clambered up a shallow bank, scratching our hands and knees on the thorny oaks and the stiff leaves of rhododendrons. The dogs were barking at the foot of a small pine and, as we approached, a brace of kallege pheasants took off and sailed down toward the path. We heard two shots, then my father's voice: "Dead bird! Fetch, fetch!"

The spaniels rushed away and we heard them crashing about like elephants in the dense growth. We followed them down and saw Dick emerge with a wounded bird in his mouth; next came Susy with the other bird, which was already dead. This was an auspicious beginning and we were immensely pleased with my father's marksmanship. He was a fine shot, and liable to be bad-tempered if he missed. We went on, walking on a fairly level stretch toward the valley where we always hunted pheasants. To our right, high up and about nine miles away, rose the spiny ridge of Sher ka Danda. Behind us, hidden by the pine forest, stood the frosty peaks of Tibet. The hills where we walked were threaded by paths which led to or from the tiny villages inhabited by grasscutters or herdsmen, for in India there are few spots not occupied by men, side by side with birds, bear, and deer. You don't always see the men or the creatures, but even in the wooded hill country you never forget that they are there.

Presently our path began to ascend, and it was as if we rose into a different climate; shadows of the higher hills lay upon us, the breeze tasted cold, we walked among battalions of pine. The dogs were scuttling about and sniffing on either side of the path, and they soon flushed another pheasant, which came rocketing toward us. As my father shot, the bird veered and vanished among the trees some distance off. "I'm sure I hit him!" he exclaimed.

We children and Govind were not at all sure but knew better than to say so. Whistling to the dogs, we set off in the direction the bird had taken. Beyond us the sun was moving slowly down the sky, spreading its gleams on a lower level, changing the look of the trees and of the ground about us.

"Damn!" said my father. "I know I hit that bird. Didn't you see the feathers fly out?"

My brother replied that he *thought* he'd seen a feather.

"I shall give these dogs away," my

## BALLAD OF SIMPLE CONFUSION

(AFTER HAVING LOOKED OVER THE NEW CROP OF BOOKS ABOUT GERMANY AFTER THE WAR)

Mares eat oats and does eat oats

And publishers munch clover,  
And What'll We Do with Germany

When all the fuss is over?

What's to be done

With the conquered Hun

Whose sins are so enormous?

Like chattering birds,

Ten million words

Come winging to inform us.

From every critical mountain peak

The pundits ponder, the sages speak.

The expert thumps on his armchair's arm

And views a view of distinct alarm.

And some cry "Punish!" and some shout "Mercy!"

And some by turns are both vice and vercy,

And some to Versailles still trace the trouble

And most of the talk is faintly double.

It's Let's Partition and off we go

With Lamzy divey and heigh de ho.

It's fire and sword for the Prussian scamps.

It's Propaganda, it's Labor Camps.

It's Occupation, and how endurable?

It's Germany Sick and Germany Curable.

It's Education, it's Bread and Cheese,

And a sound in my ears like the sound of bees.

Oh, Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats

And what'll we do with Germany?

Well, here are tracts which envisage Facts

And here is a tome that's sermony.

From pole to pole

Do the presses roll,

The arguments fall like dew,-

While prophet and seer

Make everything clear

With a Kiddley divey, too.

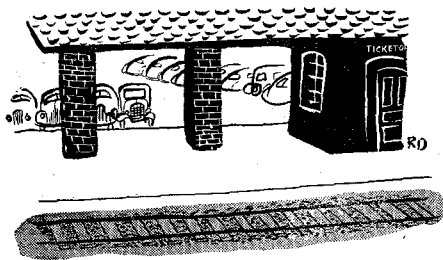
—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

father said bitterly. "They haven't a nose between them."

As we tramped on, the going became harder and steeper and the breath caught in our chests. In a little while we emerged from the shaggy growth onto an open hillside covered with long, golden, shining grasses dotted about with small trees which, as I remember them today, make me think of olive trees in

another, more formal land. We had by now given up all hope of finding the wounded bird. "Damn!" said my father.

WE paused to rest under a little oak and my father propped his gun against it and lighted a cigarette, tossing one to Govind. We were all hot and out of breath. My brother and I flung ourselves on the grass and the dogs sprawled beside us, their tongues lolling, their eyes half closed, their stubby tails twitching nervously. The slope where we rested rose gradually and we calculated that its peak must stand six thousand feet above sea level. Nothing moved on the golden acres of grass, nothing but the afternoon light, which shifted and laid a pattern of shadow under every tree.





Above our heads a cicada droned, fell silent, droned again.

Govind, squatting at the foot of the tree and smoking his cigarette, broke a long, dreamy pause. Hardly lifting his voice, and without moving, he said, "Look, Sahib."

It happened that we were all looking in the same direction and so beheld, at the same moment, the object which had excited him. A big, black, shaggy form was moving slowly along the slope above us, and, as we watched it, we saw it change its direction slightly and start down the hill toward our little sheltering tree.

My father dropped his cigarette and put his heel on it. He whispered, "It's a bear. Hold the dogs."

I seized Susy and wrapped my sweater over her head, while my brother extinguished Dick by the simple expedient of lying on top of him. My father removed the shells from his gun and substituted solid ball. The tiny click of the closing breech seemed to fill the silence, but the bear ambled unconcernedly, undeviatingly toward us. The wind was in our favor and we ourselves must have been pretty well camouflaged among the flickering shadows of the tree. My father stood motionless and I remember the look on his face and the quiet tenseness of his hands on the shotgun. My heart was making such a noise in my ears that I was sure everyone must hear it.

The bear seemed neither to see us nor to smell us. He came on, his head swaying slightly, big paws lifting and falling noiselessly on the grass. Not quite noiselessly, for in a few seconds we caught the sound of those padded footfalls. Three hundred pounds of fat, bone, muscle, and sinew were bearing down upon us, brownish muzzle bent toward the ground, little blackberry eyes seeking, perhaps, some edible root, a nest of ants, or a bit of carrion to satisfy the savage teeth. The Himalayan bears are not always dangerous to men, but we knew that they sometimes attacked on sight, and we had once seen a herdsman after a female bear had clawed his face, stripping it from his skull as one might strip a glove from one's hand.



*"It all happened in the days before penicillin, you know, dear."*

Absolute stillness had descended on us; even the dogs seemed to sense something, for they lay quiet but alert, their suffocated breathing making what seemed an intolerable uproar in our ears. When, when would my father shoot, and what on earth could he be waiting for? We could now pick out details of the bear's structure—coarse black hairs glistening in the sun, the way the paws toed in, the suggestion, as the spade-shaped head swung from side to side, of the white triangle on the breast. If he saw us and rose on his hind legs, my father would aim for the apex of that triangle. Otherwise, it involved that most difficult of shots, a head shot, or perhaps only a crippling one behind the shoulder. Recalling everything we had ever heard about wounded animals, we had a vision of this furious, shaggy mass charging us where we stood, in the shelter of our silly little tree.

A crash rang through the hills, and

we saw the bear stumble and fall on its nose. Another crash, and the great bundle of blackness came rolling head over heels down the slope, over and over, all soft, shapeless, boneless, missing us by a couple of yards to fetch up against a rock and there, at last, to lie still.

The dogs burst from our grasp and dashed down the hill, then came to a full stop with legs braced and every hair on end. We waited a minute while Govind threw pebbles, but the bear didn't move. It was dead, one bullet in its neck, the other in its brain. Pale but elated, my brother and I stared at our father, who laughed. "I bet you thought I was never going to shoot!"

We affected nonchalance, and he explained. "You know I had to let him get close to make sure of killing him."

We all went down and stood around the bear in admiring wonder while the dogs stalked about it, red-eyed and growling. The afternoon had gone and



evening was coming with a rush; already the highest peaks were little caps of sunlight which turned from copper to melon pink, then vanished. Govind unslung his knife and went to work skinning the bear, while we watched him and discussed the adventure from beginning to end. My father chaffed my brother and me about being frightened, but we denied this strenuously, nor did we ever confess to each other exactly how frightened we had been.

When Govind had slipped the hide free of the carcass, he carved off great slabs of the evil-smelling fat, which he intended to sell in the bazaar for a good price. Then he rolled the skin around the fat, tied fat and hide in a big bundle, which he swung onto his head, and started off ahead of us. My brother took the game bag and my father carried his gun. By the time we reached

our path the light had gone and we put the dogs on leashes to prevent their falling into the clutches of some prowling leopard. Then, because we kept getting whiffs of the bear fat, which smelled horrible, we made Govind walk behind us, and my father took the lead. It was soon so dark that we kept bumping into each other and my brother and I quarrelled about who should walk farther from the bearskin. Govind didn't seem to mind the smell; he sang a song which he made up as he went along, all about his own phenomenal skill as a tracker and the supernatural prowess of his master. We children didn't come into the song at all.

A nighthawk sounded its coppery gong and we heard mice conversing on the grassy banks; birds shifted uneasily in the branches over our heads and once a great owl skimmed down over

the path, making us jump. Quite suddenly, we realized that we were on the wrong path and my father ordered Govind to take the lead again.

Govind stepped forward, peered into the pitch darkness, and reported that we'd taken the wrong fork and must go back. My brother's feet and my own were dragging, our throats were parched, and we began to think longingly of food. Looking up, we could see the sky, a sea of stars. If only there had been a moon! After another hour of fumbling, bumping, and walking, we found ourselves safely on the right track. We had ceased our exultant chatter and could think of nothing but home, of draughts of lemonade and platters of scrambled eggs, of our comfortable beds and how it would feel to draw the cool sheets up to our chins and lose ourselves in the soft pillows. Sensation became visceral, it became almost frantic.

Now we were climbing again, and I wondered why our anguished muscles continued to serve us and what principle of endurance forced the exhausted breath in and out of our lungs. At last we reached a sort of spur and Govind stopped. Panting a little himself, he laughed and said, "Now we are almost there."

Below, seemingly quite far, although we knew it could be no more than another mile, glowed the familiar mother-of-pearl oval of the lake. A few lights glittered in the surrounding darkness and in the obscurity to our left there burned a bigger, brighter light which, as we gazed, shot up into the air in a tall flash of color.

"House on fire," said my brother, with a faint revival of interest.

We waited, staring at the fiery glow, which decreased, then rose once more before our eyes. My father's voice exploded in the silence. "The bonfire! It's the bonfire. They've heard the news. Bulgaria has fallen!"

Bulgaria had fallen on this night of September 30th, 1918. That meant that the war must soon end, perhaps in a week, perhaps in a month, two months. For a minute we stood motionless, staring at that radiant signal, then we started forward and made the last of the journey home almost at a run.

—CHRISTINE WESTON



*"But Madam, you haven't heard how much I'll pay you for your vacuum cleaner!"*

Fair today and tomorrow.... Winds light to gentle near the coast and moderate to strong over the mountains.—San Diego Union.

Hear that, Dorothy?



# \* \* \* P R O F I L E S

## LA FRANCE ET LE VIEUX

### IV~MARECHAL, NOUS VOILA!

FROM the beginning, Vichy was a hotel government. One reason Marshal Pétain's capital was set up in this pretty, provincial Allier town was that Vichy, since the time of Julius Caesar France's most populous spa, possessed enough hostleries to accommodate, on short notice, a modern French autocracy. The Ministries moved into establishments formerly occupied by rich invalids with bad livers. The Ministries of Justice and Finance settled down in the Carlton; War was at the Hôtel Thermal. Foreign diplomats were appropriately quartered in the Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. The Marshal established his own headquarters amid the de-luxe imitation period furniture and Lyons hangings indigenous to the third floor of the Hôtel du Parc. The elegant and spacious old Parc was built for service by leisurely chambermaids, not by secretaries, and the Marshal, to speed up government, worked out the system of pounding on his floor with his cane when he wanted Pierre Laval to hurry up from his office below.

Pétain called his government the government of National Revolution, which certainly sounded new to French ears, but the Vichy régime almost immediately took on nostalgic forms. Relics of the dead France of Louis XIV and Richelieu, or indeed from any epoch anterior to the authentic French Revolution, began to turn up in Vichy terminology and even on its money. A portrait of Henri IV appeared on a treasury bond-selling poster; Jacques Cœur, fiscal servant to Charles VII, was commemorated on the new bank notes. The Ministers were renamed Secretaries of State, as they had been known under the monarchies, and they functioned among such dusty nomenclature as *commanderies*, *intendants*, and even *compagnonnages*, straight out of the good old *moyen âge*. Vichy was marked by leftovers from everything except France's three republics.

It had taken the Third Republic five years, from 1870 to 1875, to get around to writing its Constitution. This Constitution Marshal Pétain wiped out at Vichy in two days, July 10 and 11, 1940. It had probably already been doomed several weeks before by the simple, ominous, generous offer accompanying his announcement that he had

asked the Germans for an armistice: "I make to France the gift of my person to lessen her misfortune." The so-called legal arrangements for the receipt of this gift by some twenty million Unoccupied French people were more complicated. On July 9th, those members of the Paris Senate and Chamber of Deputies who had not been stranded on the road as refugees met at Vichy—preliminary to the National Assembly to be held the next day—to cast their first vote on the fate of the Republic. There the supposedly democratic Chamber of Deputies voted three hundred and ninety-five votes for, to three against, the motion that there was need "to amend the constitutional laws." The conservative Senate voted two hundred and twenty-five for, one against. The unique dissenting senatorial vote, registered against what was obviously Pétain's plan for autocracy, was cast by the aged Marquis Pierre de Chambrun, one of the elegant descendants of La Fayette but nevertheless unrelated in political sentiments to his nephew, young Count René de Chambrun, son-in-law to Pierre Laval. The elderly aristocrat, when it came to his vote, shouted "*Je suis un fils de La Fayette. Vive la République toujours!*" and wept.

On July 10th a *Loi Constitutionnelle*, co-signed by Albert Lebrun, the President of the Republic, and Pétain, handed the Republic's powers over to "the authority and signature of Marshal Pétain." The next day he started to use them. In what he bluntly called his *Acte Constitutionnel* No. 1, a brief paragraph of six lines, so stark that the last line consisted only of the date and the first line only of "We, Philippe Pétain, Marshal of France," he plurally declared that he was *chef* of something new called *l'Etat français* and that Article 2 of the 1875 Constitution was abrogated. Since Article 2 referred solely to the existence of a President, and since the lachrymose Lebrun had refused to resign, Pétain had simply abrogated him along with a piece of the old Constitution. Later that day Pétain issued Act No. 2 and Act No. 3, both of which opened in a more modest titular fash-



Marshal Philippe Pétain

ion, "We, Marshal of France," but continued the abrogations. Of these two, Act 3 was the more destructive. In it Pétain paralyzed democracy and made himself an active dictator. This famous Act 3 stated (a) that the Chamber and Senate would continue to exist until the formation of new assemblies as provisioned by Pétain's and Lebrun's original *Loi Constitutionnelle*; (b) that they were adjourned till further order; and (c) that the 1875 Constitution law which established a Chamber and Senate was abrogated. The *Loi Constitutionnelle*, furthermore, specified that it itself had to be "ratified by the nation and applied by the Assemblies it will have created." Since Pétain up to now has never consulted the nation or assembled anything, his authoritarian revolution has been just as illegal as any ever made in the name of liberty.

Act No. 4, issued by Pétain on July 12th, named Pierre Laval to be Vice Premier and the Marshal's dauphin in the governmental succession. The initial Vichy hierarchy of two was now complete.

IT was during this first summer of France's defeat that there sprang up throughout both the Unoccupied and Occupied Zones the widespread, worshipful cult of the Marshal which was known as *la mystique autour de Pétain*. It was only slightly offset by the rarer but more martial emotion in France for General de Gaulle, who on August 2nd was tried—in *absentia*, naturally, since he was busy in London organizing his



new Free French to keep up the fight against the Germans—and condemned to death by Vichy as a traitor. To many millions of the French, especially in Vichy France, the Pétain *mystique* became a sort of strange, esoteric state religion. The defeat, the fall, and the cutting up of France had produced in the French people the same sort of profound physical shock that might be experienced by an individual, far from young, who had been cruelly beaten, had had a violent concussion, and had also suffered the agony of amputation. In that shock something French in France came close to dying. Gradually, as they recovered, the people became wracked with penitence and fell into a daze in which the Marshal confusedly figured both as a healer who seemed to have saved life and as a holy man whose intercession with the higher powers had saved the soul. Pétain became a sort of spa saint, an image at a sacred watering place. Vichy turned into a kind of political Lourdes. Iconography and hagiography set in. Just as Napoleon Bonaparte's ardent face had stamped the costly bibelots of his reign, so the Marshal's becalmed features appeared pasted on the cheap brooches and paperweights which were all a conquered nation could afford. On farms, pious peasants hung his photograph in the parlor; shopkeepers placed it among their diminishing wares in the window; men and women to whom the garrulous politicians of the Third Republic now figured as the voice of the tempter began going to mass again to honor the taciturn Hero of Verdun and to meditate on a regenerated France; children prayed that the Marshal might continue to live and marched the streets singing Vichy's favorite juvenile song, "Maréchal, Nous Voilà!" Soldiers wounded in the brief Battle of France kept, in vigil over their cots, postcard portraits of the Marshal who had built his government on their defeat. Pétain's official Vichy biographer, General Auguste Laure, wrote, as if issuing a revelation, "Here, as I see it, is the truth. The Marshal was preserved by God for France during two generations so that he might receive her, expiring, in his arms." On Good Friday of 1941, prayers were read in the churches, as in the old days of kings and emperors, for the country's sovereign, "*pro duce nostro Philippo.*"

The more worldly implications of the Pétain *mystique* soon began to show up in certain Teutonic touches as the Nazis, at first at long distance, gave the Vichy propaganda desk the benefit of

their experience. The interest in youth movements which Pétain had evidenced before expressed itself in what looked like an imitation of the Hitler *Jugend* movement, called Les Clubs des Amis du Maréchal. One of the organization's tracts told its adolescent members, "If the Marshal said to you, 'Help me,' you would walk in his footsteps to the end of the world." In August, 1940, by Vichy decree, the veterans of both world wars were organized under Pétain's patronage into La Légion Française des Combattants, a French version of Hitler's S.A. In 1942 its youngest zealots were placed in a special group, the counterpart of the S.S., called Les Services d'Ordre Légionnaires, or S.O.L. According to an organization report on a monster S.O.L. meeting in the Rhône district at which forty-five hundred members were enrolled, a legion *Gauleiter*, "after reading the oath of allegiance to the triumph of the National Revolution, ordered the men to kneel as a sign of humility and devotion to the Marshal, then cried, 'Rise, S.O.L.!' As one man the forty-five hundred members rose, stood at attention, and shouted, 'I swear!'" Two of the members' duties were to propagandize for Vichy and to report on "intrigues against Vichy doctrine," which meant to spy. One folksy, rural S.O.L. order from the Vichy Minister of Interior read, "Urgent! . . . Everybody must be gathered round the town square music kiosk at four o'clock. The presence of all section members is compulsory at this protest meeting against Great Britain. One or two groups of three or four legionaries will be designated who will have to applaud vigorously and shout with all necessary strength, 'Death to the British!' At a certain moment they will also have to approve with clamors the revindication

of Canada," this last a queer conquered-French scheme to free French-Canadian Quebec from the yoke of the English.

The selection of members for the S.O.L. was guided by a questionnaire of twenty inquiries, aimed at winnowing the wheat from the chaff. Among them were "What are the political opinions of your family? What were your feelings when the armistice was signed? How do you judge England's attitude toward France since the armistice? What do you think of de Gaulle? Of the rôle of Stalin? Of Freemasonry and the Jews? If the Marshal were to disappear, what ought we to do? If Germany were to win the war, what would you think of the situation?"

In 1941 an *Almanach de la Légion Française des Combattants*, the bulkiest piece of Pétain propaganda ever published, came out. It was obviously for family consumption, since it contained a brief blessing by the Marshal, who said, "I hope the hearth of each veteran will be enriched with a copy of this work." This book, a hundred-page mélange, was a high propaganda point in masochism, defeatism, and sickly praise of the chill charms of the Marshal. "There is in our present distress a source of joy," the *Almanach's* leading editorial morbidly crowed. "Our misery is great but greater the moral misery we had been living in." The *Almanach's* poetry also twanged the melancholy Vichy note in a verse that declaimed, "*Monsieur le Maréchal*, Your Army is dissolved, Your planes lie dead in the aerodromes." A dubious religious slant was supplied by a sprinkling of anti-Semitic jokes.

One of the strangest portraits of a hero ever drawn by a subordinate was contributed to the *Almanach* by a private who had served in Pétain's Verdun headquarters. He wrote with admiration, "He is *un grand timide*; he knows it and suffers from it. To avoid being taken in by others and to protect his personality, he has created a façade, a shell of ice, and from behind this he attacks. His biting words, sometimes brutal or cruel, stop any interlocutor and make him also timid, and the general finds himself on equal terms. However, if you see him intimately, you see cracks in his façade, revealing a heart profoundly human and a touching sensitivity. But how few have seen those flashes!"

After thirty pages devoted to revivifying the Verdun legend came some remarkable notes on how the Marshal's health in Vichy was holding up (the constant worry about so venerable a





leader): "His sight is intact. He is sometimes hard of hearing, but he hears what he wants to. If life is a matter of slow combustion, his lamp must be the best-regulated in the whole world. As a young second lieutenant, he swam the harbor of Villefranche-sur-mer with calm, slow strokes, which is better, *n'est-ce pas*, than to sink from having breathed too quickly?"

The tag-end pages of the *Almanach* were generously given over to the legionnaires' wives and kiddies. A recipe column started with "Ersatz: The word is new for us, the thing also. But"—and here the propagandist showed his teeth—"isn't this the time for new words and new formulas?" A household-hints department finished up with a suggestion for a fuelless Wednesday dinner menu: "Add salt to raw vegetables, celery, shredded turnips, etc." Then the final, faltering *gourmet* touch: "If one finds them insipid, they may be seasoned with lemon juice."

FROM the outset, in his National Revolution, Marshal Pétain shouldered, like a sacred burden, the entire weight of his autocracy. It would seem clear that at least at the start—before disappointments, office-seeking, cabals, intrigues, palace politics, the machinations of Pierre Laval, and the Teutonic Machiavellianism of the seven-year-old Nazi régime had befogged the eighty-four-year-old Marshal's Vichy scene—he had clearly in mind a half-dozen ideas on which to build his Revolution.

His Idea No. 1 was that France was utterly defeated. "A nation has to be whipped sometimes," he insisted in an early speech, adding later, "The country ought to know we have been beaten. For two years I have been repeating it to myself every morning."

Second, although he had often mistakenly insisted, in the last war, that the



*"I don't know, I sort of hate to waste a facial on the New Friends of Music."*

Allies were lost, he was sure the Germans were victorious in this one. "The war was practically won by Germany as soon as Italy entered the campaign," he broadcast for historians to mull over. As a loyal French officer, he agreed that a Germany which had swiftly dismembered France would certainly, as someone had said, "wring England's neck like a chicken's." Judging by his experience, Pétain figured that the United States would, as usual, enter the war late, or maybe never.

Third, Pétain, the man who had been a commander in chief in the last war had come around to accepting the former Corporal Hitler as a militant German phenomenon who, through his unique struggle, had risen so high by 1940 as to be trusted like a brother officer—especially if he had the gentlemanly *Reichswehr* to keep an eye on him. Pétain had asked that the armistice be drawn up "as between soldiers, after the struggle, and in Honor," capitalized. Three days after it was

signed, Pétain broadcast, and seemingly believed, that "France will be administered only by Frenchmen."

Fourth, he thought that collaboration was not only unavoidable but astute. "To collaborate is to avoid the worst," he announced, as a maxim, to intimates at Vichy. Of his single meeting with Hitler, in October, 1940, at Montoire, he told the French, "This first meeting between the conqueror and the conquered marks the first step in our country's rehabilitation. . . . Between our two lands a collaboration has been envisaged. I have accepted it in principle." At first, Pétain's collaboration policy, in which he was backed by many brokenhearted or merely ambitious Frenchmen, was based on the assumption that, in the new postwar lineup in Europe, France would be Germany's favored and favorite former enemy. Though busy governing in the summer of 1940, he found time to write a lofty article for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* which wound up, "We should be able



to coordinate our thought and action with those which tomorrow will preside over the reorganization of the entire world," or, in simple slang, "We should tie up with the Nazis, who will soon run the whole show."

Fifth, Pétain, a convinced anti-Republican, saw in the defeat of the corrupted, weakened Third Republic a victory for his pre-French Revolution principles of absolutism. In one of his first Vichy broadcasts, he ridiculed the French folly of ever having believed in the ballot.

Sixth, and most important, he regarded himself as a historic savior. Ever since he had figured in the rescue of France at Verdun, he had labored under the dignified obsession that France had not sufficiently appreciated him or hearkened to him. Now he was to have the undisputed, and for once undivided, glory of governing what was left of his beloved country, of leading her back, in a bitter penitence for her democracy and her defeat, to a restoration of the autocracy of her great seventeenth-century past, in which he thought her future still lay. "You have suffered. You will suffer more. . . . I permit neither doubts nor murmurs," he warned over the air. "Hitherto I have spoken to you as a father. Today I address you as a chief. Follow me!"

IN the two-and-a-half-year drama of Unoccupied France, before the Nazis came in and lowered the curtain on November 11, 1942, the Marshal's two most spirited performances were against Pierre Laval, and against a handful of imprisoned statesmen left over from the Third Republic whom and which Pétain put on trial at the court of Riom. Both Laval and Riom were tragic issues in France, yet at moments they afforded the French the only real laughter of their defeat. Certainly the libretto of Laval's opening plot against the Marshal, four months after Pétain had settled on the Vichy chair of state, was as comic, and implausible, as that of any Berlin *opéra bouffe*. Briefly, the idea was this: During November, 1940, the Germans had let the Marshal hope that he and his government might be removed from the purlieu of Vichy and set up in autonomy in the royal precincts of Versailles. Shortly afterward, the Nazis let all France know that on December 15th, a hundred years to the day since the Paris Invalides had received the ashes of Napoleon Bonaparte from his tomb on St. Helena, the Parisian Germans, in a series of parades which

would include a magnificent midnight torchlight procession, would finally make to Paris the amazing companion-piece gift of the ashes of Napoleon's son, *P'Aiglon*, to be fetched by brother Austrian Nazis from his crypt in Vienna. (The Nazi newspaper propaganda angle on *P'Aiglon*, devised to impress the French, was a Teutonic, retrospective buildup of Father Bonaparte as a wise, early Hitler who had yearned merely to federate Europe, a good *Führerprinzip* idea in which he had been foiled by British selfishness at Waterloo.) In the weeks of waiting for *P'Aiglon's* ashes, Laval hatched his *opéra-bouffe* scenario: The Marshal, on the Nazi promise that his government would soon follow, was to be lured to Versailles with the flattering bait that he was the sole legendary French figure worthy of presiding over the December 15th mummery. In the torchlight parade his name was to be evoked in the dark by enthusiastic, rehearsed cries of "*Vive le Maréchal! N'abandonnez pas Paris! C'est Pétain qu'il nous faut!*" If the Marshal, upon his arrival, fell for the setup, he was expected to desert Vichy and remain in Paris. If the Marshal did not fall, he was to be politely imprisoned at Versailles. In either event, Laval would rise to complete power and to a spirit of more complete collaboration with the Germans than the crochety Marshal then seemed willing to give.

The plot thickened when loyal friends tipped Pétain off. On December 13th, as Laval, fresh from Paris and his final stage directions, walked into the Marshal's Vichy office, he was met by the old man's denunciation, insults were exchanged, and Laval was arrested and himself became the prisoner that night in his own nearby château at Châteldon. The next day the Marshal angrily broadcast, "Frenchmen! Monsieur Pierre Laval no longer forms part of the government." On December 16th, Otto Abetz, the Führer's personal delegate, arrived in Vichy, accompanied by what one Vichy propagandist described as collaborators—a Nazi sub-machine-gun outfit. Laval was freed before Christmas. In Pétain's first interview of the New Year, given to an American jour-

1.



nalist, he was still in a position to say that Laval filled him with physical revulsion and that he had slept better since getting rid of that "German agent." But that same month Pétain learned that, along with the German O.K. on the cereal and coal he must have if his Unoccupied French were not to starve and freeze, he had also to take Laval, a less desirable life-giving commodity. As the cultivated Abetz was supposed to have phrased it, "We need Laval until the peace is signed. After that anybody can put a bullet in his belly." Laval was not reinstated; he was merely allowed to continue functioning as a German agent. For Admiral Darlan was reserved the honor of becoming Pétain's new dauphin and of receiving the first bullet on the program.

In order to deafen his Unoccupied Zone to any echoes left over from the Republic, Pétain had replaced the old trumpet call—*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*—with a new sober slogan, *Travail, Famille, Patrie*. Unfortunately, so far as *le travail* went, his scheme for exchanging a few sick French prisoners in Germany for a multitude of healthy French workmen led to riots of increasing violence in Vichy France. Furthermore, his *Charte du Travail* of October, 1941, aimed at "breaking the old class-war system," was patterned on Mussolini's corporatives and took from French labor its right to organize, to strike, or to function politically. Having eliminated labor unions, Vichy set up, like a cruel ersatz, a Jewish union, the Union Générale des Juifs de France, which every Jew had to join. As for *la famille*, one handsome, healthy octogenarian could no longer console with his famous phrase—"Fathers, those great ad-



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5.



venturers of modern times"—a nation of which a million and a half young potential fathers were wasting their manhood as prisoners in the Third Reich. As for *la patrie*, it was hungry.

**P**EARL HARBOR was no Christmas gift to Vichy. After the United States entered the war, when the Marshal's stately figure made its regular appearance in movie newsreels, young Frenchmen shouted not "*Vive le Maréchal!*" but "*Vive Roosevelt!*" And when little Admiral Darlan was pictured, they yelled, "*Vive l'autre amiral!*," meaning Admiral Leahy, American Ambassador to Vichy. Nature, as well as history, was unkind to Vichy in its second winter. Unusually cold weather froze the ink on the National Revolution's desks. Short of coal, like every-

body else, the government wore its overcoat indoors and wrote with its gloves on. Vichy's propaganda staff's order to Unoccupied Zone newspapers to "kill any story which represents Vichy life as society life in which pleasure plays a great part" was doubtless not needed, but the sharp reminder forbidding publication of "any newspaper column dealing with public discontent" was unquestionably to the point. Fifteen months before, the Marshal, with brisk truthfulness, had told American journalists, "I do not pretend that this government is free. . . . The Germans hold the rope and twist it whenever they consider the accord is not being carried out." In his weak 1942 New Year's broadcast, Pétain, with wearier truth, said that his revolution had not yet "passed from the domain of principles to enter that

of facts. . . . Circumstances do not favor enthusiasm. In the partial exile in which I am constrained, in the half liberty left me, I try to do all my duty. Daily I attempt to save this land from the asphyxia which menaces it, from the troubles which lie in wait." The Pétain *mystique* was on the wane. His former worshippers, now divided into two camps, either thought of him as an august, dignified, if defeated, martyr or believed him to be a fine-phrasing old figure with clay feet. Because of Vichy's increasing collaboration with the Germans, millions of those Frenchmen who had never loved him now bitterly regarded him as the country's most aged traitor.

He was also a matter of concern to those who, as part of his régime, were necessarily devoted to him. Even in



gerontocratic France, the Marshal, for a chief of state, was becoming old. The Vichy population grew accustomed to seeing the somnolent figure of the elderly man riding through the streets on clement afternoons in his limousine, which flew on its bonnet the official marshal's ensign—a baton, flanked with battle axes, on a tricolor field. To reassure Unoccupied France in general, Dr. Bernard Menetrel, the Marshal's physician, superintended the taking of some newsreels which showed the Marshal in a state of lively health in the garden of his Riviera country place, where a small ditch had been dug expressly in order that the Marshal might be photographed in the act of briskly jumping over it. This Dr. Menetrel had appeared early on the Vichy scene and had become important. He is reported to be the forty-year-old son of an old friend of the Marshal's and has been described as an Action Française Royalist, anti-German, and intelligent. In 1942 the Doctor supposedly diagnosed the patient's condition more or less as follows: The Marshal, who sleeps badly but persists in his lifelong habit of rising at 5 A.M., still has left enough of his phenomenal health to function for about eight hours a day, were his day that of an ordinary idle old man; this excep-

tional vitality, however, fails to get him through a morning of governing without the aid of a drug (which other Vichy doctors, judging by the way it acts, have deduced must be benzedrine or ephedrine, in carefully controlled doses). The importance of the Doctor's aid to Pétain has been recognized by his being named to the *Secrétariat du Maréchal*, a post which has permitted him to accompany Pétain to Ministerial meetings, where the old man may need all his wits about him.

The latest report on the Marshal's health is this: During his best morning hours, when important visitors see him, his blue eyes are sapphire-clear and his features have the neatness of mere middle age. Flattery acts on him like a tonic; compliments are not enough. In official discussion, he is, while his medicine still upholds him, alert, cynical, hard, realistic, and as pessimistic as ever. For an hour after he has left his doctor, he is a match for anyone, even Laval. The liveliness of the Marshal's luncheons, with eight or ten male guests chosen from among distinguished government officials and visitors, was one of the first legends in Vichy; the Marshal still eats well, or as well as the supplies allow. His discerning, restrained taste in French wines is about all that is left now, how-

ever, of his gastronomy. "I beg of you to remain to lunch," he one day urged a visitor, adding, with an old man's courteous candor, "You will give me the added pleasure of an excuse for opening a good bottle of champagne." By afternoon, the Marshal has turned into an old man. When the effect of the drug comes to its end, the transition is swift and startling. While you look at him, he becomes his own old empty shell. Within a few minutes the lights and movements fade from his face, leaving a waxen, uninhabited mask. His blue eyes seem to see nothing, his memory fails to function. His brain closes against any new identifications; he thinks a man he has just met is another man he knew well years ago. Yet from a lifetime of self-control, the habit of dignified wariness still aids him. If forced to receive some visitor—his staff sees to it that only second-string visitors are given afternoon appointments—the Marshal limits himself to rising, bowing, and shaking hands; he will not risk the possible disaster of conversation. Sometimes, though, the Marshal murmurs, as if to himself, small, routine, melancholy phrases such as "*Ah, les bons s'en vont*" or "*Tout est bien changé.*" At times these cryptic utterances can daze the caller. More often, since France has indeed lost its good men and since the times are, alas, changed, the Vichy visitor retires impressed by the wise sadness of a weary old statesman.

Once out of his office in the Hôtel du Parc and back home, the Marshal dwells, as he has always done, in complete inaccessibility. Since the first, he and *Madame la Maréchale* have lived in Vichy in a fine old residence known as the Pavillon de Sévigné. Only the few family friends, who can be trusted to take the Marshal as they find him at night, are ever invited to dine with them. In contrast to his notable luncheons, the Marshal's domestic evening meal is light. It is the soft supper of a very old man.

The most visible proof of the Marshal's dwindling popularity was the slump, in 1942, in his fan letters, which had earlier numbered two thousand a day. After the Riom trial, they dropped to nearly nothing (where they have remained), and the propaganda desk, advised by the local police, tactfully advised the Marshal to spare his strength and avoid appearing in public.

**T**HE Riom trial, by which Pétain meant to shatter the very memory of the Third Republic, succeeded prin-



"Like fairyland, isn't it, dear?"



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cipally in weakening the Vichy régime. The trial, the most hilarious, shameful travesty of French justice and example of Army bigotry since the Dreyfus case, was held in the late winter of 1942, and it apparently began as an alibi for the Germans, who, still smarting from the war-guilt stigma for 1914, wanted to force France to pin on herself the war guilt for 1939. Pétain, in his turn, wished the war guilt to fall not on his beloved France but on the hated Third Republic. Such double-barrelled intentions demanded special preparations. In July, 1940, Pétain issued a decree setting up a supreme court, subsequently established in nearby Riom—the only town in the region which possessed a courthouse big enough for the trial of a dead republic—which should judge those responsible for France's recent "passage from a state of peace to a state of war." In January, 1941, he issued an act, even odder, which was known as the Retroactive Responsibility of Ministers Act. Its tyrannical opening lines must have made the Vichy higher-ups shake in their shoes, since the law stated that all high government officials must "swear allegiance to his person," that as office-holders they "pledged their persons and worldly goods," that if they broke faith with him he could strip them of their political rights, ship them to the colonies, intern them, imprison them in a fortress—everything but hang them up by their thumbs. Less humorously, this law could retroactively apply to "high dignitaries who had held office within the past ten years," which clearly meant the Third Republic's, Popular Front, and Radical-Socialist leaders. In September, Pétain decreed that something to be called a Council of Political Justice be set up with the incredible right to "establish its own rules" and give a preliminary opinion as to the guilt of whoever would be unlucky enough to be tried before the supreme court. On October 13th, Nazi Minister Walther Funk shed considerable light on what was up by broadcasting, from Berlin, that "the French government would soon condemn those guilty of the war." Sure enough, three days later, Pétain himself ordered, on the recommendation of the Council of Justice, that Radical-Socialist Premier Edouard Daladier, Popular Front Premier Léon Blum,

and former Generalissimo Maurice Gamelin, principals in the trial to come, be incarcerated in the Pyrenees fortress of Pourtalet on the ground that they were guilty, without having been indicted or tried, of failure in their public duty. Pierre Cot, Popular Front Minister of Air, also on the list of the accused, couldn't be imprisoned, the Council report noted, "as he is a fugitive" in Washington, D. C. Seventeen months after they had been imprisoned as guilty, the three other men blossomed out as defendants in the Riom trial, which opened on February 19, 1942.

Riom is a grim, handsome Auvergnat Renaissance town of black stone fountains and façades carved from the local volcanic rock. To house the trial in style, Riom's famous swarthy Palais de Justice, built in medieval times, was gadgeted with central heating, the walls were decked with priceless Beauvais and Flanders tapestries depicting scenes from the Odyssey, and from the ceilings hung splendid crystal chandeliers which once had twinkled in the Tuileries. To match this stage set, the court officials wore their red robes and white toques and the court president and state's attorney were ringed with ermine collars. The farce, and France's laughter, began when, the first day, Blum's attorney opened by blandly reading aloud the eight secret Vichy orders which, as a preliminary, had been handed to the French press. Order No. 1, which took no cognizance of what the Nazis thought the trial was about, said "Keep in mind that the trial is limited to the unpreparedness for war existing in France from 1936 to May, 1940"—just in case some cub reporter forgot that Pétain had been War Minister in 1934. Order No. 4 instructed the press to make clear that this was a trial of the government of which the French people "had been victims."

Order No. 5 said, "Show that this cannot be the trial of the Army." Order No. 7 added, "Especially consider this trust when either the person of the Marshal or his policy is referred to during the trial." That evening, new secret Vichy orders were given to the press, forbidding it to report that Blum's lawyer had disclosed that it had had the secret orders in the first place. As the trial proceeded, other orders forbade reporters to report that Daladier,

on the stand, had said that Weygand had said that Pétain had failed to call a Superior War Council from 1934 on, that Pétain had had millions sliced off Daladier's appropriations for training camps, and that Pétain, as War Minister, in 1934 had had the war budget cut by one-third, and that "in 1939 there were strong attacks on Pétain in Parliament." Rather listlessly, Order No. 10 said, "To sum up . . . suppress all that concerns the actions of the Marshal." Order No. 16, with more zest, said, "Do not quote the name of de Gaulle." Once, the state's attorney was driven to admit, "We are not here to decide if [Pétain's] laws are constitutional, but only to enforce them." Once, all that the court president could say, in reply to a Daladier attack on the Marshal, was "Oh! Oh!" After Blum's lawyer had thrown the fat in the fire, the frantic district press censor sent a confidential memorandum to newspaper editors declaring that he no longer dared send them the press instructions "for reasons you can well imagine." He also regretted that he could send no adequate trial report, since by the time he got through censoring he had left "only two or three lines of text per page. Many doubt that the trial can continue much longer." Off the record, he added that Daladier's defense of himself had "produced a very strong impression."

Daladier had opened his defense by boldly prophesying, "We shall see, in the course of this trial, where, by whom, and in what manner France was betrayed," adding, "The hatred of novelty, the hatred of intellectual daring, the hatred of everything modern led the French Army to its ruin." Blum, with logic and wit, pointed out in his opening speech that, because of the trial's peculiar restrictions, "in the debate on the responsibility for the defeat, the war itself will be left out." Gamelin, charged with having let the Army deteriorate, refused to open his mouth in court. This put the prosecution's Army witnesses in a stew and thereafter they threw the court into fits of hilarity; General Mittelhauser, of the Superior War Council, confessed that he got his Army statistics from reading the newspapers; General Lenclud admitted that he had not known an air squadron was attached to his corps during battle; a Colonel Perré kept referring to an aviation program which turned out to be an idea he had once had in mind but never got down in writing. The court president was named Caous, which sounded enough like "chaos" to serve. About a month after





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the trial began, while the court was still in a state of confusion, the Nazi Party's *Völkischer Beobachter* clarified the issue by pointing out editorially that the trial which had been intended to pin the war guilt on the Third Republic was actually proving the Men of Vichy guilty of the defeat. Soon afterward, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* called Riom "a stupid farce" and Hitler angrily declared in a broadcast that the Riom trial made clear that "the French mentality was really impossible to understand." On March 19th, the German radio announced that M. de Brinon, Vichy Ambassador to Berlin, had notified Marshal Pétain that the Riom trial must be suspended. The tapestries on the Riom Palais de Justice walls were put back into their boxes; the prisoners were put back into their fortress. On April 14th, the *Journal Officiel* announced Pétain's law suspending the hearings of the Supreme Court at Riom. On the same day, without any explanation, Pierre Laval was suddenly moved to the top of the Vichy régime with the titles of Chief of Government and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Interior, and Propaganda, and with the right to pick his subordinates. Before a delegation of legionaries, the Marshal suddenly said, speaking of his relationship with Laval, "There are no longer any clouds between us. When M. Laval speaks, it is in agreement with me, and when I speak myself, it is in accord with him." A few days later, Laval spoke up and said, "I wish for a German victory."

DURING the night of November 7th that year, the American Army invaded French Morocco. To President Roosevelt's last-minute direct appeal to Pétain to respect the traditional friendship between France and the United States and to aid our invading troops, the Marshal answered, in his last show of authority, "I have always declared I would defend our empire if it were attacked; you should know that I would keep my word. . . . We shall defend ourselves: this is the order I am giving." When Admiral Darlan, in North Africa, attempted to excuse the Marshal's vain, tragic order by saying that Pétain spoke under dictation, the Marshal proclaimed, in a crescendo, "To dare say that I speak or act under the menace of duress is an insult to me!" On November 11th, twenty-four years to the day after the armistice of 1918, the Germans, in a race to seize the French fleet before it was scuttled in the waters of Toulon harbor, began to

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CASS HEMING GILBERT NYMAN  
THEATRE

CHICAGO with Katharine Clay Patricia  
HARRIS WARREN CLEMENT KIRKLAND  
THEATRE

ON TOUR  
WEST with Katherine Jack June  
COAST ALEXANDER DAVIS DAYTON

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MICHAEL TODD presents  
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"A Triumph" —BARNES,  
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ONCE a boy has lost interest in school work and has decided that society has stacked the cards against him, he is on the skids. His getting into trouble is only a matter of time.

Hundreds of boys like this are being helped by hundreds of business men who have volunteered their services through the Big Brother Movement. One man works with one boy. By merely showing an interest in the lad, by just taking the time to be a friend to the boy, he reverses the trend of the boy's behavior and starts him on his way as a good citizen. 93.6% of the boys are never arraigned in court after being accepted by the Big Brother Movement.

More Big Brothers are needed. And more funds are needed for the small staff which directs the work of the Big Brothers. If you can give of your time or money, write for more information to the

### BIG BROTHER MOVEMENT

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occupy Pétain's Unoccupied France. Pétain, with Dr. Menetrel at his side, dictated to Hitler's delegate, General von Rundstedt, who came to Vichy with the grave news of the occupation and with an adequate number of troops, a spirited, inflammatory protest. The protest was handed to the Vichy press. For an hour, Vichy titillated with excitement while the German soldiers stolidly waited. At the end of an hour, the Marshal, his animation depleted, gave in. Pétain received that day what was, so far as is known, his last personal message from Hitler: "It is well known to me, *Herr Marschall*, that you always have been and still are a faithful partisan of the collaboration of France with National-Socialist Germany." Pétain then disbanded what was left, since the armistice, of the French Army. A week later he announced, in a Vichy radio broadcast, that he was still *chef de l'Etat français* and "the incarnation of France." After that there was silence.

ON November 18, 1943, according to journalists in Switzerland, busiest news centre of unoccupied Europe, Marshal Pétain emerged again as worthy of the European front page. He was reported to have been scheduled to broadcast, on November 13th, an important discourse, which the Germans had called off, and he was said to have refused to deliver a substitute of their own concocting. According to the Swiss papers, the important statements in the Marshal's suppressed speech were "Frenchmen! On July 10, 1940, the National Assembly confided to me the mission of promulgating... a new Constitution for the French State. I am now about to finish the drawing up of that constitution. [However] We, Marshal of France, Chief of State, decree... that if we die before having been able to attain ratification by the Nation of [our] new Constitution... that the power mentioned in the [Third Republic's] Constitutional Law of 1875 will return to the Senate and Chamber."

In setting up his autocracy in Vichy, the Marshal had first named Pierre Laval as his dauphin, then named Admiral Darlan. Apparently Marianne, the battered figurehead of the Third Republic, was to be his third choice. If this was his final wish, no one on this side of the Atlantic knows precisely why. Having been wrong in thinking that the Allies would lose the first World War, having been wrong about his French Army in the peace between the wars, having been wrong in thinking that the

so nice to receive

# Hampshire

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DISTINGUISHED ENTERTAINING  
CALLS FOR A  
DISTINGUISHED LIQUEUR

de Kuyper's  
**DELECTA**  
AFTER-DINNER  
Liqueur

Enjoy this great after-dinner liqueur, straight or half-and-half with brandy. You will be delighted with its delicious taste and distinctive bouquet. Made in America.

1 National Distillers Products Corp., New York • 86 Proof



# LISTEN: MARCH 4, 1944

Footnote on beachhead: Just after U. S. troops stormed Nettuno and Anzio they were met by friendly Italians humming vaguely familiar tunes. They were the top tunes of the CBS *Hit Parade* (Sat. 9 p.m.-9:45 p.m. EWT), which once a week, CBS shortwaves to Algiers and Bari; there they are rebroadcast to the French and Italian people. "Star fuori dagli impicci" is "Keepin' Out of Mischief."

★

The simple arithmetic that makes radio broadcasting good business for the sponsor of a program is pretty astonishing. Let's suppose that an evening half-hour on a coast-to-coast network costs him \$15,000 (including talent) to put on the air. Let's suppose that this program is heard by 15 million listeners. Divide the cost by the listeners and you can't escape the fact that the sponsor paid about 1/10 of one penny to offer each listener (1) an agreeable 30 minutes of entertainment or war information or inspiration (2) including a 3-minute mention of his product or service. That's one of the least costly methods of making friends with a customer that even our thrifty American advertising business has yet found. Some programs cost more than a tenth of a cent per listener, some cost much less. But whatever the actual fraction, it's so small that it not only puts no realistic burden on the price you pay for the product, but actually tends to keep and bring that price down as the number of listeners expands.

★

Some 80,000 owners of FM receiving sets in the New York metropolitan area can now enjoy the greatly expanded program schedules of WABC-FM. FM devotees have had to be content with a series of recorded programs and transcribed music, relieved only occasionally by an announcer's voice; but now standard broadcasting programs of WABC are ready-to-hear. Set your FM dial to 46.7 megacycles any time between 4:45 p.m. EWT and 11:15 p.m. EWT, Mondays through Fridays; or between 3 p.m. EWT and 11:15 p.m. EWT on Sundays; or between 3:30 p.m. and 11:15 p.m. on Saturdays.

You will hear, among other things,

two of the world's greatest orchestras: the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the Philadelphia. You will hear Gladys Swarthout, Andre Kostelanetz—all in all, you'll hear 91 notable CBS programs a week. They sound elegant.

★

The wholesome force a radio station can volunteer in the interest of its community can spread far, wide and handsome. In Detroit CBS has an affiliate station WJR—the only 50,000-watt station in Michigan. WJR has a farm expert named Duncan Moore. Early last spring Moore learned to his patriotic alarm that Michigan farmers, for plenty of good reasons, were planning to plant a bean and sugar beet crop far short of emergency requirements for the Army and Navy. The possible shortage figured to 77 million meals.

Thereupon Duncan Moore convinced the Army that it would be smart, if not imperative, to go to the farm and show the farmer how weapons work and what beans and beets really do to keep soldiers and weapons working. With the enthusiastic help of the State Department of Agriculture, the facilities of WJR were thrown open to the project of promoting on the air a WJR Army Caravan, to tour the farms of the state and get the farmer and the soldier a lot better acquainted.

The result of the 9-day Caravan became promptly and powerfully apparent: instead of a 150,000 acre shortage, Michigan bean acreage in 1943 gained 169,000 acres over 1942—and a comparable gain rolled up in beet acreage... All on account of a thoughtful farmer in a CBS radio station with a community conscience.

★

This is

# CBS

the COLUMBIA  
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



Germans had already won the second World War, perhaps the Marshal wished, now that he could clearly see that the democratic Allies would be victors again, to state that he had also been wrong in believing that an autocracy had been suitable even to a defeated Republic of France.

A year after Marshal Pétain had become the supreme autocrat, he told a Catholic priest, "I wish to be buried in the ossuary at Verdun, among those French and German dead marked as unknown. There is a chapel in the crypt which stands empty. It is for me. Whatever happens to me, it is there that I shall go to take my last rest, at the head of my soldiers." At a moment in Vichy when his faith in himself equalled his power over others, Pétain broadcast to the world the words which might well serve as his epitaph: "It is I alone whom history will judge."

—JANET FLANNER

(This is the last of a series of four articles.)

## HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From a United Press dispatch received in Washington]

(OVARNITERL

WASMINGTON, FEB. UMAAKUP)—MANY TAXPAYERS STRUGGLING WITH THEIR RETURNS ARE WONJERING WHY THEQ CAN (T DEDUCT THE KEDERAL TAXES THEY HAVA PAID ON PIQUOR, FURS, AND GAUOLINE—WHEN THEYNCAN DEDUCT TAXES FOR THE-ATSAR ADMISUIONS, CLUB DUES, AND SAFA DEPOSIT BOXEU.

THE UREAU OK INTERNAL REVANUE HAU THE ANSWERC "THEORETICALPQ ANJ LEGULLY, YOU DIDN'T PAQ ANYNGAS TAX—THE OIL COMPANY PAID IT, UND MERELQ HIKEED THE PCICE."

THA GAS TA, HOWEVER, MAY BE INCLUDAJ IN THU COST OF GASOLINE AU A BUSINESU EXPENUA—IF USEB STRICTLY FOR BUUINESS PURPOSEU.

IF YOU PAID \$550 FOR A \$500 FUR COAT, YOU CAN'T DAJUCT THE \$50 TAX WHICH WAS INCLUDED IN THE PRICE—BECAUSE IT WAS LEVCED ON THE STORA AMD THE STORA PAID IT EVEN THOUGH YOU SUPPLIED THE CASH.

THE ONLY TAES WHICH THE INDIVIDUAL CAN DEDUCT ARE ON ADMISFIONS, TELEPHONE, ANJ TELEVRAPH SERVICES, THE AUTOMOBIPA USE TAX, TRANSPORTUTION, CLUB DUAS, SAKA DEPOSIT BOXEU, AND THE TAES ON USE OF BOATS AND ON DOCUMANTS.

NANJ THIS IS THE LAST TIME THAT EVEN THESE MAQ BE DEJUCTED IF TME NEW TAX BILL, WHICH WIPEUT OUT SUCH DEDUC-TIOMSN BECOMES LAW.

IN 1943, THU GOVERNMENT COLLECTEJ \$989,461,821.39 IN TOBACCO TAES ALONA—UNJ CONSIJERABLE AMOUNTU ON PER-FUME, JEWELRQ, PLAQING CARDS, AUTOMOBILES, TIRES, ELECTRICAL UNERGYN RADIQU, PMONOGRAPH OTHER ITAMS AS WALL AS ON LIQUOR, FURS. ANJ GASOLINE.

THA CONSUMER KNOWS HE PAID7—BUT HE CAN'T DEDUCT. NEPIU



## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

This is an Elastic Stop Nut.

There are more of them on America's planes, tanks, guns, and naval vessels than all other self-locking nuts combined.

The reason is an Elastic Stop Nut holds fast and locks tight without any extra locking gadgets.

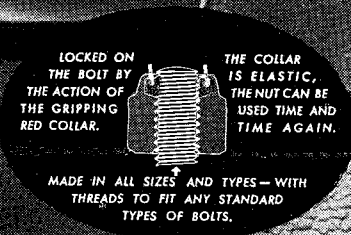
It does this because of the elastic collar in the top.

This collar squeezes between the bolt threads. It grips both sides of the threads. So no amount of vibration shakes the nut loose.

You can take the nut off and put it back on, time and time again, and it still retains its locking effectiveness. This is because the collar is elastic and "comes back."

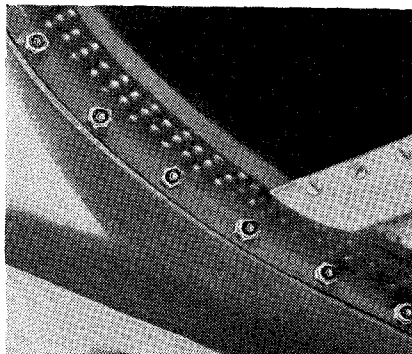
Billions of Elastic Stop Nuts are in use. And as far as we know, not one in a million has ever failed.

After a while, with the war won, you will be able to have these nuts with the characteristic red collar of ESNA on all the new equipment that will come. They will make it stronger, safer and more dependable just as they are doing on America's war goods today.



### THE KIND OF JOB ELASTIC STOP NUTS ARE DOING

This is how the wing of a DC-3 transport plane is fastened on—with Elastic Stop Nuts, the nuts with the red collar so familiar to the aircraft industry. The tons of plane, crew and pay load depend on these nuts for their security. All told, this type of plane uses as many as 35,000 Elastic Stop Nuts.



# ESNA

TRADE MARK OF

ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA

## ELASTIC STOP NUTS

*Lock fast to make things last*

Union, New Jersey and Lincoln, Nebraska



# Kathleen Lee

## Spring Song

A note of fresh white on superbly simple town lines. In navy or black crepe, with smartly contrasting colours on pockets, tucked white crepe gilet. Sizes 10 to 20, \$69.95 ... Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.



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## RIGHT NEXT TO NOTHING

**A** SAD little comedy called "Right Next to Broadway" showed up at the Bijou last week. It dealt with, and was presumably intended largely for, workers in the garment industry. I have no information about Paul K. Paley, who wrote and sponsored this blossom, but I'm sure that technically he knows what he's talking about; certainly he has written a hell of a play. In an otherwise empty week, however, we might as well give it our attention, if only as an almost perfect example of how a script of no conceivable merit manages to get cast, rehearsed, and finally produced at some expense without anybody connected with it being aware that the whole enterprise is a violent and batty flight in the face of providence. In this case, of course, Mr. Paley has put on his own work, but it still seems incredible that nobody once took him aside and explained that even in these queer times there is no reliable metropolitan audience for amateur theatricals.

"Right Next to Broadway" has a nagging, minute resemblance to Moss Hart's "Lady in the Dark" and was indeed described by one jocose figure I met in the lobby as "Lady in the Red." Its heroine, Lee Winston, née Weinstein, is supposed to be the Schiaparelli of ladies' dresses (\$16.95), largely because she has run up a little black number with a red flower at the waistline that looked to me exactly like every other little black dress with a red flower I've seen in a life that has been reasonably full of them. It might be noted, incidentally, that all of Miss Lee's items have the big flower over the appendix. It appears to be her trademark. Anyway, the black one is a riot from Forty-second Street to Hollywood Boulevard, practically selling itself, in carload lots.

Its creator, however, is not a happy woman. She snaps at her inferiors; insults the union delegates, a couple of Weber & Fields comics; weeps often and mysteriously; and discards a loyal suitor, who also happens to be her star salesman, for a glossy cad in the advertising business, who takes her to fancy parties in Greenwich Village and can distinguish offhand between Manet and Monet.

Naturally, all this leads to trouble not only in her dress business but also in her private life. Collections fall off, creditors close in, a strike is called, there are wholesale resignations, and, perhaps somewhat irrelevantly, Father Weinstein elopes to Niagara Falls with one of the models. The advertising character, after nicking her for two hundred and fifty dollars, takes up with a rich woman in the jewelry business and goes off, trailing fashionable remarks about Rubens and El Greco. This is obviously quite a situation, and it is a tribute to Mr. Paley's agility that he straightens everything out in four minutes flat at the end.

In a sense, the humor at the Bijou is even more dismaying than the plot. Since the jokes are entirely of the kind that go in one ear and then settle heavily in the diaphragm, I will trouble you with only one sample.

"Don't you ever think about anything but girls?" a spinster secretary asks the office boy.

"No, Ma'am," answers the leering child. "I'm studying to be a sailor."

A genuine and audibly suffering sailor in the audience remarked that this struck him as the best gag in the show and he was probably right, so you can see about how Mr. Paley operates as a wit. As a satirist, in addition to the stuff about the unions, he has provided a dated and lamentable little episode about the Brain Trust. On the whole, I guess he just isn't a very frivolous man.



It being hard to tell much about the merits of actors who invariably romp out on the stage shouting "Hello, everybody," I'll just ignore the performances at the Bijou. The main rôles have been entrusted to Jeannette Chinley, Tom Daly, and Frances Tannehill. I imagine they are facing their swift, inevitable doom with composure.

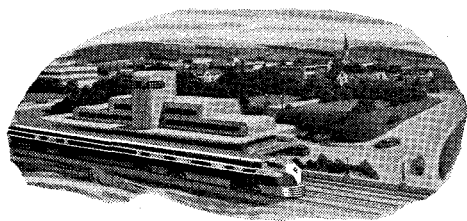
—WOLCOTT GIBBS

## A BACKWARD GLANCE O'ER TRAVELLED ROADS

[From the Vermont Alumni News]

As for myself, I am an aviation student in Pre-Flight School at Santa Ana, California. Since my arrival here I have become the father of a baby boy. While in Vermont I was a Phi Delta Theta.





# TRAIN OF THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE

Some day this war will be won by America and her Allies.

Our first duty meanwhile is to meet the demands of the war. This we are doing.

The going hasn't always been easy or comfortable. We believe you understand the reasons, and we appreciate your patience, your good-humored acceptance of inconvenience.

And we'd like you to know our ideas of comfort and style go far beyond what we're able to offer today. That's why we print the picture below.

It will give you some idea of how we'd like to serve you—how we're looking and planning ahead right now to make future railroad travel a thrillingly pleasant experience.

It can't be done all at once. It will take money and time.

But you can be sure of one thing. Our goal is to give future America the finest transportation the world has ever seen.

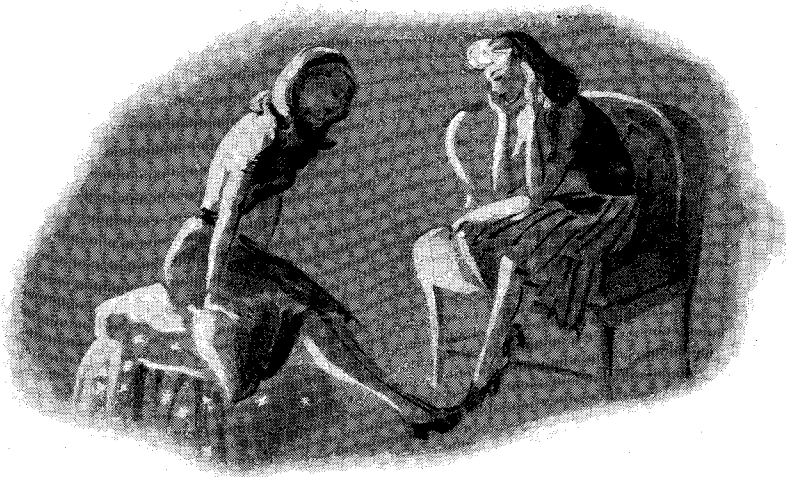


ASSOCIATION OF  
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**  
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

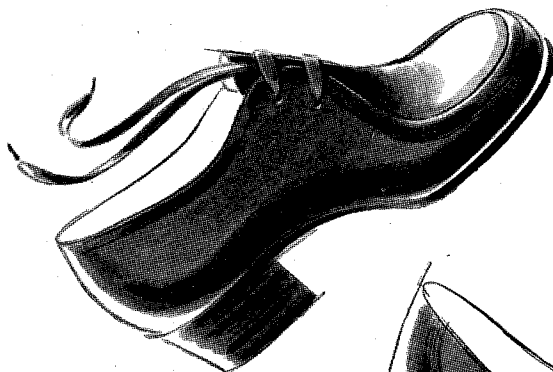




## Look at them as a Smart Investment



THE SMOOTH, smart styling of **randoms** by *Stetson* will delight you. But you can look at them, too, as a smart investment in comfort . . . and a gilt-edged coupon's worth of quality. You can depend on **randoms** to live up to the high standards of shoemaking that Stetson has maintained for three generations. Ask to see them at the leading stores which are listed below. THE STETSON SHOE CO., INC., South Weymouth 90, Mass.



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New York & Manhasset: LORD & TAYLOR • Atlanta: J. P. ALLEN & CO. • Baltimore: HUTZLER BROTHERS CO. • Boston: R. H. STEARNS CO. • Cincinnati: SHILLITO'S • Denver: DANIELS & FISHER • Houston: LEVY BROS. • Indianapolis: WM. H. BLOCK CO. • Kansas City: WOOLF BROTHERS • Los Angeles: THE MAY COMPANY • Louisville: THE STEWART D. G. CO. • Milwaukee: SCHUSTER'S • Philadelphia: BONWIT TELLER • San Francisco: FRANK WERNER CO. • St. Louis: STIX, BAER & FULLER • Washington, D. C.: GARFINKEL'S

## OF ALL THINGS

THERE are signs not only that the two factions in Yugoslavia may be getting together but that the Finns and Russians may also come to terms. It would seem to be an appropriate time to arrange a peace treaty between the White House and Capitol Hill.

As of this writing, the Japanese have made no reply to our invitation to meet us in a naval battle. The little fellows are not as courteous as they used to be.

We must not jump to the conclusion that the Nazis are in retreat on the entire Russian front. In his message to the Red Army on its birthday, Stalin frankly admitted that the Germans are advancing toward catastrophe.

The refusal of Congress to pass an adequate revenue bill is good news for taxpayers but bad news for posterity. Our grandchildren have apparently bought themselves a costly war.

President Ramírez has told the people of Argentina that he gave up his office because he needed a rest. There is nothing more tiring, he has discovered, than looking at a bunch of grouchy generals.

There is some resentment in this country over *Pravda's* bitter attack upon William Randolph Hearst. Foreigners should realize that we have always been able to disagree with Hearst without any outside aid.

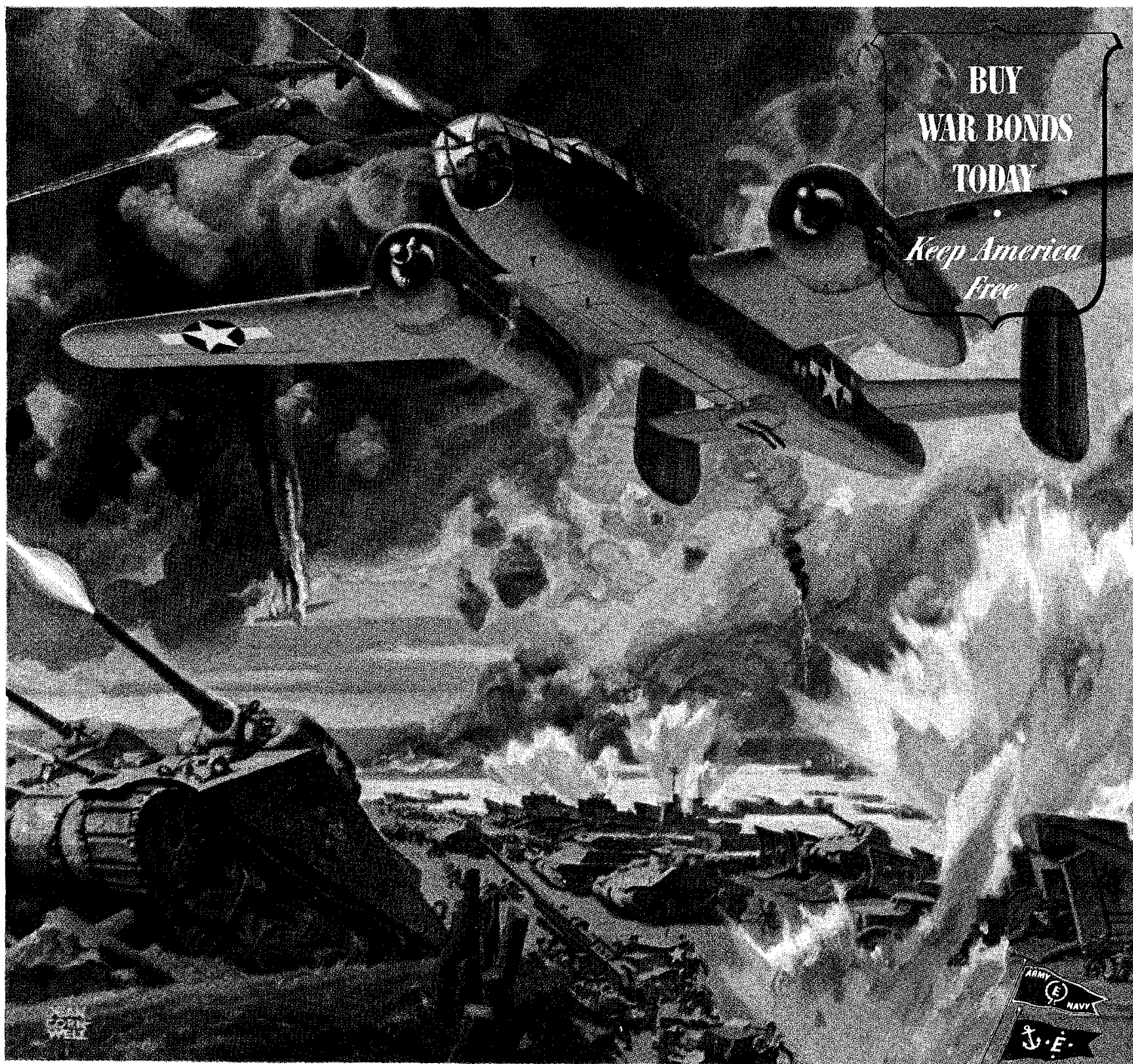
According to an official estimate, the national income last year reached the stupendous total of a hundred and forty billion dollars. Yet a lot of people are unable to save anything but tin cans and daylight.

Everything points to a successful Lenten season. Never before was there a time when it was so easy to do without things.

The government is considering the idea of turning part of our huge potato crop into potable alcohol. It may become our wartime duty to help drink up the potato surplus.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER





# On every fighting front *Fisher*

*The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher plant for its naval ordnance work.*

**T**HE men who do the fighting whether on land, sea or in the air, know how important it is to have the best equipment.

They realize that the work we do in our factories can, if done well enough, give them a combat advantage.

We realize that, too. That's why we are devoting all the skills we

have developed, all the crafts we have mastered, to give our armed forces the all-important edge.

Whether it's a plane, an anti-aircraft gun, a tank, or a highly sensitive flying instrument, each gets every technical plus we can give it — and that's several.

Craftsmanship is a Fisher tradition. And today we believe that

craftsmanship carries a particular punch of its own to give a fighting man a break when a break is more than welcome.

Every Sunday Afternoon  
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR  
NBC Network



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D I V I S I O N   O F   G E N E R A L   M O T O R S



*It's a feather in your cap when you buy that Extra War Bond*

**Please Note:** The whiskey you enjoy in Three Feathers today was drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories. No whiskey has been made since Oct. 1942: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government.

*First among fine whiskies*  
**THREE FEATHERS**  
*Very Special Reserve*

Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y., Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60 % cane products neutral spirits.



# A REPORTER AT LARGE

ONE detail that presidents, foreign ministers, ambassadors, and other dignitaries make sure of when they set out for an international get-together is that their retinues of experts come along. The big boys can usually handle the principles, but when it comes to the decimal points, the 1929 business indices, and the potential yield of oil in the Middle East—things on which principles are sometimes based—they have to fall back on the specialized knowledge of their dry, unphotographed, anonymous aides. There were all of forty-four countries represented at the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration conference held in Atlantic City not long ago, so I knew that if I went down there I'd run into a good many experts. I hoped that I could find out from one of them not only a little about how such an expert approaches a problem but also something about the gigantic job of getting an occupied European country back into working condition, which, as everyone knows, was what the conference was about.

I arrived at the Claridge Hotel, where the U.N.R.R.A. sessions were taking place, early one morning, and late that evening, after a day in which everyone was tied up in subcommittee meetings dealing with such matters as "repatriation of displaced nationals," the world food supply, agricultural machinery, and so on, I was able to corner the kind of fellow I was looking for—Dr. Antonín Basch, an economist in the Czechoslovak delegation. Dr. Basch is a thickset, middle-aged man of medium height, with a precise manner. He speaks in what might be called an authoritative voice and has a rather fixed, earnest expression which only now and then is relieved by sudden, efficient smiles. He left Czechoslovakia shortly before the Nazis arrived and for the past few years he has been lecturing on economics at Columbia. Back home he was an economics professor at Charles University in Prague and at the University of Bratislava. He had also held such non-academic posts as head of the Central Banking Department of the National Bank of Czechoslovakia and managing director of the United Chemical and Metallurgical Works. He has been, at one time or another, a commercial attaché of the Czech legation in Berlin, a member of the League of Nations Business Cycles Committee, and a delegate to the Bank of International Settlements at Basel. Among the dozen books he has written are "The Problem

## THE QUEUE ON VACLAVSKE SQUARE

of Central Europe," "The Danube Basin and the German Economic Sphere," "The Theory of Wages," and "Monetary Reform in Germany."

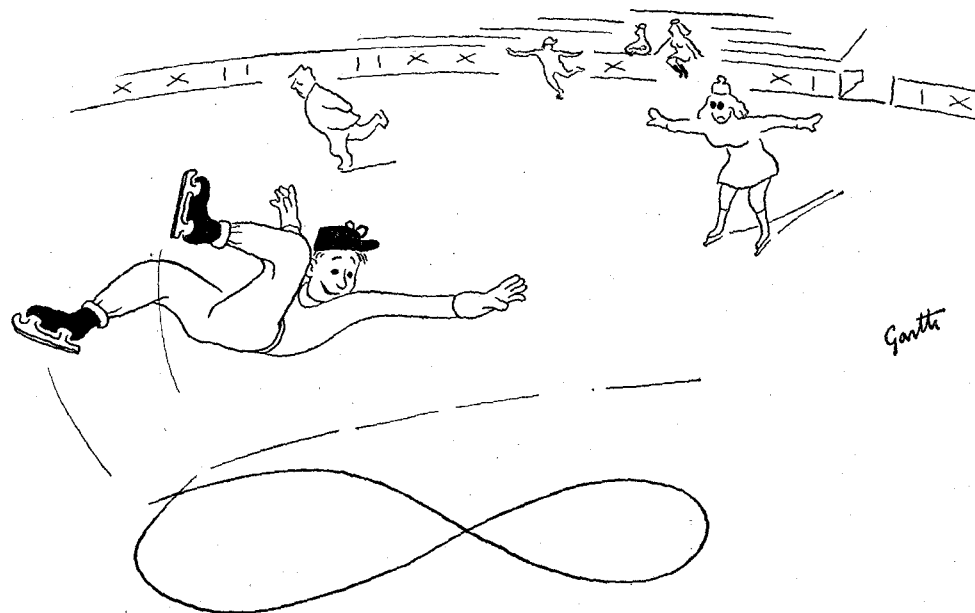
After we had settled ourselves comfortably on a sofa in a corner of the Claridge lobby, Dr. Basch, to give me an idea of the big job his delegation was tackling, listed a few of the things the Germans have done to his country. The Nazis have dismantled the machinery of the textile, sugar-refining, and other Czech industries and shipped it to the Reich, where the parts have gone into the manufacture of guns and shells. New Czech locomotives, railroad cars, and rails have been taken to Germany and replaced by old and almost useless ones. The country's tractors, reapers, and threshing machines are now rusty and obsolete. The animal population, especially that of pigs, has decreased sharply. Fertilizer has become scarce and much of the soil is nearly exhausted. All medicines have been commandeered for the German Army. Laboratories which used to process vitamins are turning out smokeless powder. The medical schools have been shut, and no doctors have been graduated since the occupation began, five years ago. A certain number of the older doctors have died and thousands of physicians, many of them Jewish, have been imprisoned or deported to Poland. The population's health has suffered; rickets and tuberculosis are especially prevalent. The Germans are passing out printing-press money and inflation is rampant. Records of the ownership of Czech properties are in a state of confusion. "Von Ribbentrop's wife's family now owns

the Pilsner breweries," Dr. Basch said, with one of his sudden smiles. The Czechs had developed an elaborate forestry-conservation scheme, but the Germans, needing lumber to construct their Army camps and make their plastics and paper, have felled the trees indiscriminately. "Now we do not know what kind of climate there is in Bohemia," Dr. Basch said. "The trees used to catch the humidity and return it to the soil. Perhaps we will find a dust bowl."

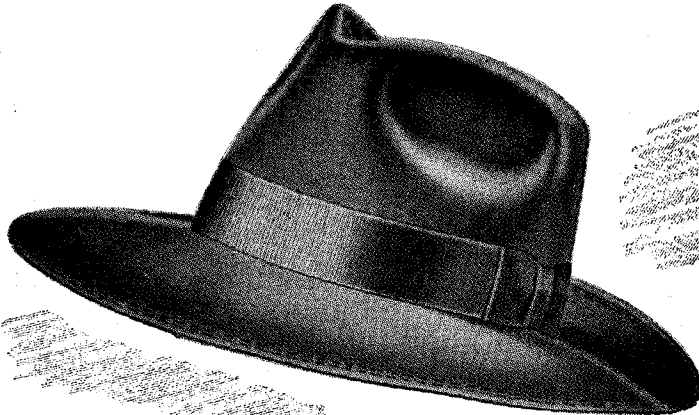
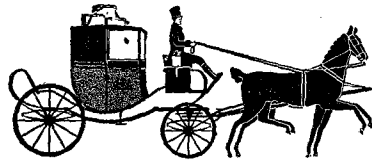
"Sounds like a thorough wrecking job," I said.

"Yes, it does," Dr. Basch answered. "Still, we were not invaded the way Poland and the Low Countries were. More of our homes are still standing. The people are hungrier and sicker than they used to be, but they are not dropping in the streets the way the Greeks are. We learned how to keep food for ourselves during the last war, when we had the Hapsburgs on our hands; the Nazis have found that Czech cows do not give them as much milk as German cows. Our war industries have been enlarged by the Germans. The Skoda and Bren works were never bigger. After the liberation, those plants will stop making armament and we'll convert them to automobile and machine-tool production." Dr. Basch said that he had no intention of minimizing his country's plight but that he refused to get into a gloom about it. "We were the richest country in Central Europe," he said proudly. "Perhaps that is why we Czechs do not think pessimistically."

Of course, Dr. Basch said, the Czech delegates to the conference, half of whom had flown from London, hadn't come there for the purpose of restoring







# DOBBS

## Rainbow

The new Dobbs Rainbow, featuring the free-flowing Glider Edge, is designed to provide a cheerful note of spring color with which to banish winter "blues." • In the Rainbow, you'll find all the skilled American workmanship that has given Dobbs an international reputation for fashioning the finest hats for men. The Rainbow, \$8.50

Other fine Dobbs Hats \$6.50 to \$40.00\*

*\*When you select a Dobbs at Saks Fifth Ave me, a careful record is filed of your headsize and your style and color preferences, so that you may order—if you wish—by mail or phone.*

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the country to its pre-Munich eminence. The Government in Exile had put in months of hard work mapping out its requirements, but the delegates to this conference were concerned primarily with immediate needs: relief supplies for the people and raw materials with which to bestir the country's agricultural and industrial life. "It will take us two to three years just to get on our feet again," Dr. Basch said. "Once that happens, we'll take care of the rest." First, he explained, must come food, clothing, vitamins, drugs, medicines, and bandages. "We know exactly how we would like for them to arrive," Dr. Basch said, smiling. "We would like a squadron of Czech pilots to fly in the supplies from their RAF bases. That way the people would know that they had not been forgotten, and the materials would get there in the quickest possible time." Dr. Basch said that the idea might seem fanciful, but he thought it had its practical aspects. "Railroads and ships are going to be so tied up," he said, "that planes may do much more of the initial delivering than most of us think. Maybe more bridges and tunnels have been blown up by our friends or enemies than we know of. Then, too, pilots could find plenty of landing spots in the flat country along the Elbe and Moldau Rivers. Besides, the Germans have built many new airports for us."

THE revival of Czech agriculture, Dr. Basch said, depends principally on a sufficient supply of fertilizer. Potash and phosphate will have to be imported from Germany, North Africa, and Palestine. Then, if the land can be coaxed quickly into yielding the vegetables, fruits, sugar beets, cereals, and potatoes it used to, the nation will be off to a good start. "I wish the liberation would come this minute, as we sit here," Basch said, "but theoretically the ideal time would be May or June. Then we could make our plantings and look forward to a harvest. We could make sugar, for example, from our own beets and not have to wait for Cuban cane. If we are freed during the cold, we will have to go asking more favors of the other United Nations." Revival of the dairy industry hinges on getting fodder to what cattle are still alive and on building up the depleted herds of livestock. Fortunately, the country has its own fodder and, Dr. Basch believes, not nearly as many of its cattle have been slaughtered as in Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, nations with little feed of their own. "We used to eat well in my country," he said. "We had plenty of meat and dairy prod-





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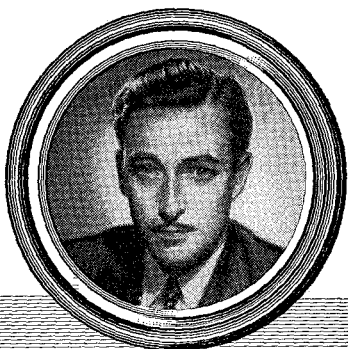
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ucts. Over three thousand calories a day for everyone. It will be several years before we can do so again, but I think we can bring the people two thousand calories soon enough."

When I asked Dr. Basch what would have to be done for Czech industry, he put one hand to his head in mock horror. "Very, very complicated," he said. He told me that the Czech delegation had gone in for a little self-analysis. "We asked ourselves," he said, "How have we been making our living for the past twenty years?," and then we decided to rebuild along those lines. Many of you Americans must know some of the answers. How many Christmas shoppers would have liked to buy Czech linen and handkerchiefs? Or our wonderful leather gloves and toys and glass jewelry, a Prague ham or a keg of Pilsner?" The probing had convinced the experts that the importation of raw materials was the answer. The country, of course, has plenty of certain natural resources. It has coal, iron, and timber. It has the sand used to make glass and it has kaolin, a comparatively rare clay needed to make porcelain and china. There are large deposits of limestone and coke, both necessary to cement-making. The cement will be used for building construction, which, Dr. Basch said, will be on a large scale. "The only new industry we've developed in the past five years," Dr. Basch said, "has been the underground. Our people will like more natural jobs again and the building program will give it to them quickly." There are many raw materials, however, which the Czechs can obtain only from other countries. The textile industry, which used to support four hundred thousand Czech citizens, will need about ten thousand tons of American and Egyptian cotton a month and a third as much wool from South Africa and Australia. The shoe business was a big one in Czechoslovakia; the Bata plants alone used to have an output of a hundred and eighty thousand pairs of cheap, serviceable shoes a day. Quantities of skins and hides will be required for the shoes. They will probably come from the Argentine and other South American countries. Approximately ten thousand tons of rubber a year will be needed. The chances of getting it, Dr. Basch said, will be considerably brighter when the Japs are kicked out of the Dutch East Indies. "I'm sure we won't be doing much motoring at first," he added, "but we will need tires for our big Skoda delivery trucks. And we will have to have rubber for such things as surgical gloves

and for shock absorbing in our metal-lurgical and tool-making machinery."

In the first year after peace comes, the Czechs will need six hundred thousand tons of fuel oil for their homes, factories, and transportation services. Most of their oil used to come from Rumania, but Dr. Basch didn't know how much of a pasting Allied airplanes have given the Ploesti wells. Maybe oil from the United States and Venezuela can be landed at Hamburg and then shipped up the Elbe to Prague, but the German port is undoubtedly in miserable shape. Perhaps Russia will become a new source of oil, which would probably come through the Black Sea and up the Danube. "But we have to make sure the Danube is not frozen," Dr. Basch said, without a smile. The enamelware industry, which used to have a substantial export business, will need a thousand tons a year of American borax, the mineral used for giving the ware its glasslike polish, and he hoped there would be no difficulty in obtaining that. The Czechs will have to go to England and South Africa for cobalt, the powdery substance with which the attractive deep-blue coloring of china is achieved. Metal, copper, zinc, nickel, and tin will be needed for the big chemical plants in the Kladno area, the Sudetenland, and Slovakia. Without its chemical industry, a general industrial recovery in Czechoslovakia will be impossible. The industry produced such fundamental necessities as acids, chlorine, and alkalizing agents, which in turn made possible dyestuffs, pharmaceutical products, water purification, and ferro-alloys for steel-making. "Oh, yes, and sulphur pyrites, too," Dr. Basch remembered. "From Spain, Italy, and the Balkans. For explosives. You need the damned things in peacetime, too. How could we get the coal out of our mines without dynamite?"

**C**ERTAIN types of machinery will be needed right away, Dr. Basch said. Sweden used to supply Czech paper manufacturers with "revolvers"—cutting machines—as well as boilers in which wood pulp was boiled, and Dr. Basch hopes that she will do so again. He is looking to Sweden, too, for ball bearings. Some machine tools used to come from the Rhineland and the Ruhr, but Dr. Basch is certain that they won't be coming soon, for those areas have been devastated by Allied bombing. Perhaps, he thought, the United States will help out temporarily.

Then there will be the country's skilled workers to think about. "I wonder how skilled they are today," Dr.



Basch said. He explained that the Germans had sent two hundred and fifty thousand Czech workers, including the finest glass-blowers and musical-instrument makers, to the Reich, where they had been put to building the Westwall or salvaging the tires and aluminum of fallen Allied and Nazi planes. In addition to the problem of what has happened to their hands, Dr. Basch said, there is the apparently simple and happy detail of returning the workers to their native country. "I shall give you a mathematical problem," Dr. Basch said. "The Germans have kidnapped at least eight million foreign workers—French, Norwegians, Russians, Poles, Yugoslavs, Greeks, ourselves—the whole continent. A train that can carry two thousand passengers is a very good-sized train—fifty cars. Well, if one such train left Germany every hour on the hour twenty-four hours each day, it would take five and a half months for those men and women to start for home. And the trains aren't going to be leaving Germany that fast. Too many locomotives have been bombed, too many coaches can hardly stand on their wheels. I am guessing, but I think that for a year, maybe two years, after the peace there will be convoys of army lorries packed with people heading out of Germany for every other country in Europe."

Dr. Basch said that several factors would determine the speed with which Czechoslovakia will receive help, but that there is no sense in thinking about them now. "They're too unpredictable," he said. "Think of the Pacific front. Suppose the Burma Road is opened this spring. A good deal of the supplies earmarked for us may go to China, and she's certainly entitled to them. And nobody knows how the Germans are going to act as they leave our country. Maybe they'll go crazy and start blowing up everything." Dr. Basch paused. "The Japs kill themselves," he went on, "and the Germans kill everything else—people, animals, libraries, factories." He shook his head slowly. "It is all so mixed up," he said. "Take the very information that is being presented at this conference. I doubt if any of the delegates from the occupied countries have exact data on the situation at home. I have been going to conferences for over twenty years and always in the old days I had my graphs, my charts, my statistics. Here it is different. A little news comes in from the underground, a few of my countrymen escape and reach London. Of late some of our quislings in key posts, seeing which way the wind is blowing, have

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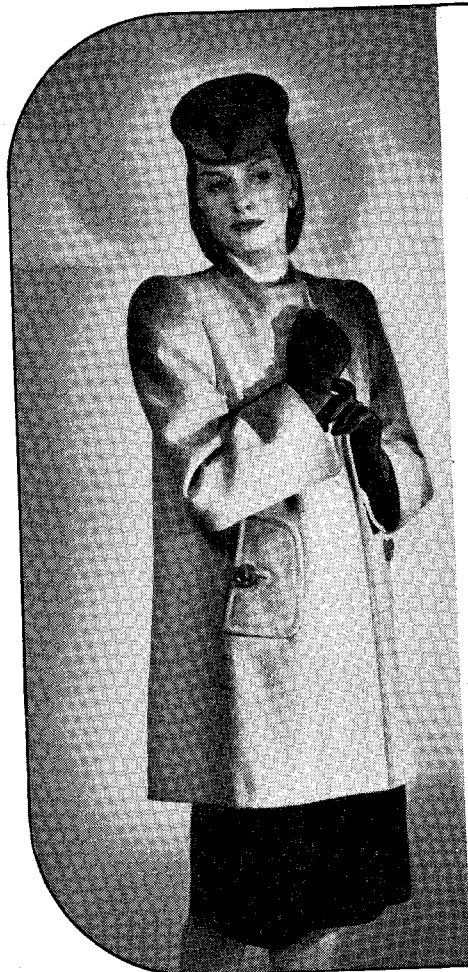
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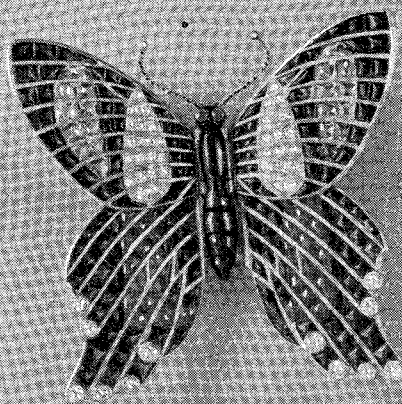
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started sending us tips through underground channels. Sometimes I get hold of *Der Neue Tag* or *Die Wirtschaft*, Nazi papers published in Prague. They are full of lies, but when you have watched the Czech economy as long as I have, the thread of lies can take on meaning for you."

Dr. Basch broke into one of his quick smiles. "But even when we know a fact, let alone a lie," he said, "it can make us mixed up because it is so hard to explain. For example, our birth rate is something we happen to know a little about. You are informed of it, too, perhaps?" I said that I wasn't. "For four years of my country's occupation," he said, "the birth rate was going down. Then all of a sudden, in the fifth year—just last year—in the midst of the wretchedness, the oppression, the deaths, the birth rate began to go up and up until by the end of the year it had increased by over twenty per cent over the previous year's rate. Why? I can think of an answer, but it is just my own theory: national resistance. I think the people have said to each other, 'They are trying to kill us. We must not die out.' I honestly believe it is as conscious as all that." I asked Dr. Basch if the same thing wasn't happening in Germany. "Indeed not," he replied. "Their birth rate is stagnant. If the development that is going on in my country is going on in the other countries to the east and southeast of the Reich, it might conceivably solve the German problem for decades to come."

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THE Doctor, who had been talking steadily, stopped for a moment. "Curious that so far I've hardly mentioned our people," he finally said, reflectively. "In the old days at Basel, Geneva, Stresa, Berlin—wherever I sat with delegations—we delegates from Czechoslovakia always had a pretty good idea of what our countrymen would like us to do. Now we are making decisions, but we have not been home for years. We do not know their state of mind." He said that he wouldn't be surprised, upon returning, to find that the way the Czech people think had changed quite considerably. "For five years," Basch said, "they have been cut off from the rest of the world. I am not afraid of their having turned Nazi, but under such circumstances the mind can become warped. Their books, their music, their schools have been denied them. When they go to the theatre, they see some third-rate Schiller idealizing the German system. At the movies, they always see the same newsreel, with Hitler's face on the screen. You know,



in London my government has organized a committee which does nothing but collect all kinds of reading matter—trade journals, technical books, old Czech magazines or volumes, the *Illustrated News*, anything that will prove the existence of a world that is different from the one in which they have been living. This collection will be among the first things rushed into our country.”

Dr. Basch shrugged his shoulders philosophically. "We delegates," he said, "talk about a building program which will give the people immediate employment. But how do we know they'll feel like working? They have been through a lot. They may just feel like sitting still for a while and looking at the green fields." Then, too, he said, he had no idea of how bent the people were on revenge. "Can you imagine what might happen in the Sudetenland?" he asked. "Or in Slovakia, where the Nazis have their puppet state? How many people became too hungry and betrayed their friends? I hope the bloodletting will not be protracted," he said. "It might interfere with our reconstruction. If the Sokol, the big and influential gymnastic association in my country, is still in existence, it may be able to bring law and order quickly." Dr. Basch said that he did not often use the word "morale" but he would now. He thought that the factor of morale might well prove to be as tangible as the food and medicine the Czechs were requesting of the U.N.R.R.A. "This research, these statistics we have made," he said, "they are very useful, very important, but I will not be satisfied until I see certain things with my own eyes." I asked him what they were, and he shifted slightly on the sofa. "Oh, it's a little hard to explain," he said rather thoughtfully, "but we have a certain square in Prague. It's called Vaclavske Square. On one side of it there's a Bata shoe store and on the other a cafeteria—the Koruna cafeteria—where I used to get a quick bite. The Električka, our trolley line, runs around the square and out to Sparta Stadium, our soccer field. Well, I'd like to see the shoe-store window piled high with shoes and the customers queued up in front of it, and the Koruna selling two good, thick *parky*—our frankfurters—for three cents and a ham sandwich for a cent, and the Električka full of passengers on Sundays going out to the Sparta Stadium." Dr. Basch clasped his hands behind his head. "Then," he said, smiling again, "it will be fine. Then our research and our statistics and everything else will mean something."

—DANIEL LANG



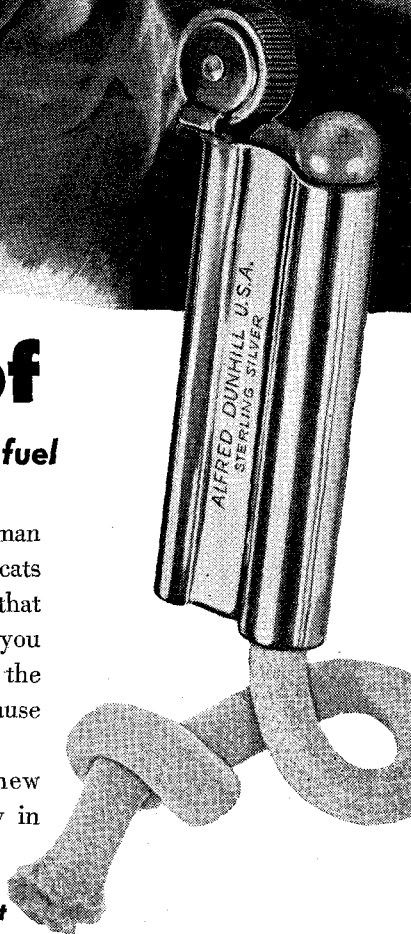
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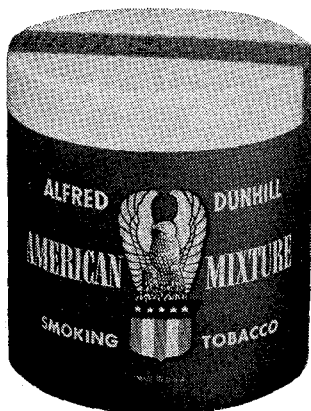


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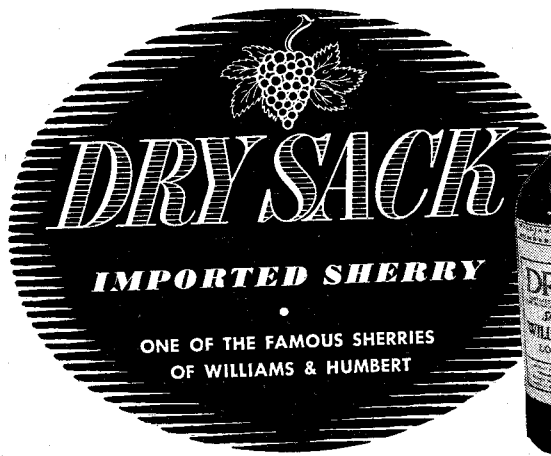


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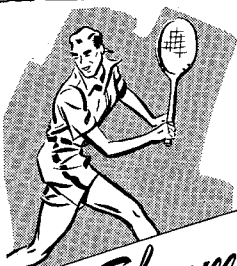
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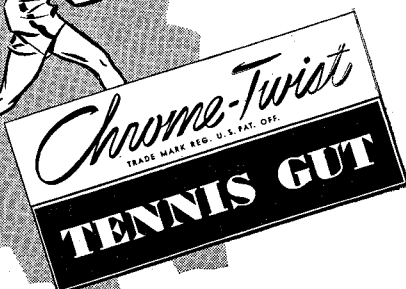
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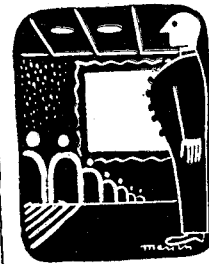
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## Variations on Two Themes



A MOVIE re-  
viewer finds  
himself spending a  
good deal of time  
listing the differ-  
ences between some  
movie and the book  
it was based on. The  
chances are that a

lot of this time is wasted, because every-  
body knows by now that the plot of a  
best-seller is never quite satisfactory to a  
producer and that, for better or worse,  
some changes will have been made.  
What they happen to be is probably of  
interest only to a graduate student gath-  
ering material for a thesis called "The  
Film Producer vs. Literature." For the  
benefit of such a student, therefore, let  
me just say that in the current adapta-  
tion of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey,"  
the characters who fall with the bridge  
are not the ones who fell in the book, the  
heroine almost falls but is snatched from  
danger by the hero, and the ending is  
happy instead of sad. This gives only the  
most superficial idea of the thorough re-  
writing job that's been done, but it will  
suffice for the record.

Purely as a picture, divorced from its  
source, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"  
has its points, scattered though they are.  
Uncle Pio, played by Akim Tamiroff,  
comes out a likable character, and there  
has been some effort to *show* you what  
sort of man he is instead of just having  
another character stand up and deliver  
a thumbnail sketch of him and let  
it go at that. In other words, in order  
to demonstrate that he is an amiable  
rumor-monger who knows what's on  
everyone's mind, he is first shown am-  
bling through the town on a mongering  
tour, and you are permitted to size him  
up for yourself. This is always an agree-  
able method of introducing characters  
in pictures, where it can be so much  
more neatly and safely done than in  
plays, where it is apt to be awkward.  
Then there's the Viceroy, who is  
smoothly played by Louis Calhern and  
provides a good, old-fashioned element  
of run-down but plucky aristocracy.  
Francis Lederer plays the twin brothers,  
Manuel and Esteban, who are not par-  
ticularly meaty personalities and barely  
constitute one solid rôle between them.  
The artist who comes off least well of  
the bunch, though, is Lynn Bari, who  
plays Michaela, the Perichole. She is



hindered by a broad New York accent, which doesn't quite belong among the variety of dialects the rest of the cast have hit on as being appropriate to old Peru.

IT was all very well, of course, for Moss Hart and his friends to fool around with dreams on the stage, as they did in "Lady in the Dark," but it must have been obvious to them all along that the movie fellows were the ones who could really put on some reveries that were reveries. Psychoanalysis is a shiny, up-to-the-minute science and belongs in pictures anyhow. The screen version of "Lady in the Dark" takes memories and dreams and interpretations of dreams right in its stride, in Technicolor. When Ginger Rogers, who plays the lady magazine editor with the willies, has a dream about herself as a little girl at a circus in which she, as an adult, is one of the attractions, the cameraman says to the director, "Elementary, my dear fellow." It's just possible, in fact, that things were a little too easy for the technical wizards, because in places they've run riot. Some of Miss Rogers' dreams, for example, seem to be governed not so much by what's on her mind as what the special-effects man would like to have a go at. Maybe I'm backward, but my dreams don't have all that mist or fog or whatever it is that Miss Rogers has been surrounded with in her subconscious state, and I don't know but what somebody just wanted to kid around a little with dry ice. Miss Rogers, by the way, is an easy magazine editor on the eyes, although she is made up a bit too elaborately. Ray Milland does fine as her assistant and admirer, and Mischa Auer, Warner Baxter, Jon Hall, and the rest are all pretty good when they're not obscured by beautiful costumes.

ONE more rather funny comedy has been squeezed out of the housing situation in Washington. This one is called "Standing Room Only" and has Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. It's mainly about the housing situation, but the servant problem has been thrown in.

—DAVID LARDNER

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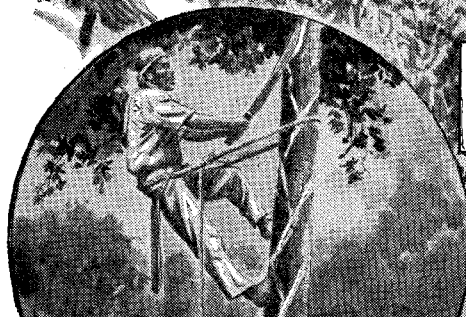
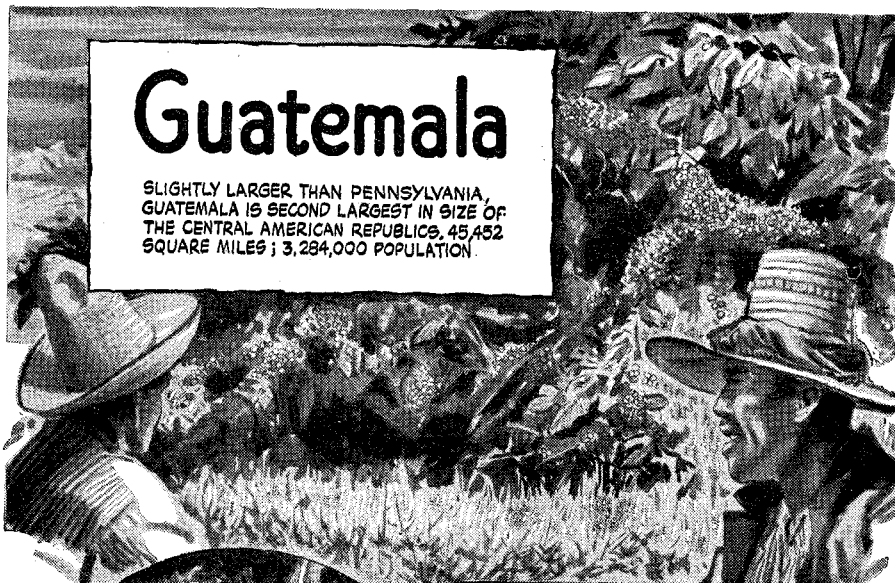
A beginner's course in Russian, prepared to meet the special needs of the Services. The author, formerly a lecturer at the University of Leeds, is now in the army. (Ha)—Oxford University Press catalogue.

Quiet, please!

## Telephone Tours

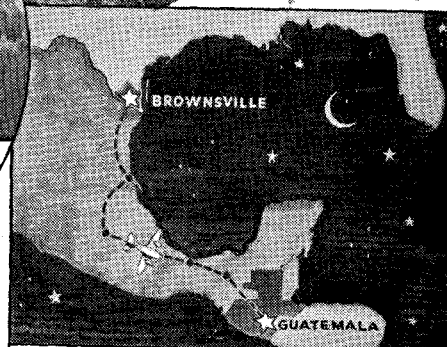
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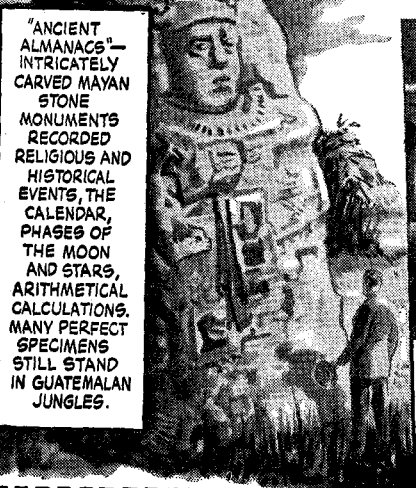


"JUNGLE JACKS" OF TWO TRADES!---AGILE GUATEMALAN TREE CLIMBERS GATHER CHICLE FOR CHEWING GUM IN RAINY SEASON...ARE RUBBER CUTTERS IN DRY SEASON.

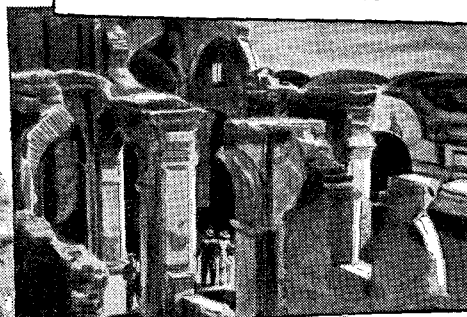
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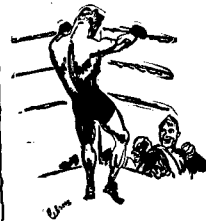
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## NOTES ON SPORTS

### One Man's Mile



IT begins to look as if Gilbert Dodds, though the best miler in the country, should be running some shorter, more comfortable distance. The entire last quarter of every mile he runs appears to bother him considerably, and it is in that portion of the race that the other fellows, over whom he has established a big lead in the earlier portion, begin to catch up with him. They seldom make it, but every once in a while one of them—Frank Dixon or Bill Hulse or whoever happens to be his major rival of the moment—does catch him, and in each case it's because Dodds has made no provision for that last quarter mile, whereas the other fellow has. The accepted way of running 5,280 feet in competition is to maintain a good clip for the first 3,960 but count on winning with a drive at the end. Dodds counts on getting so far ahead in the early stages that it won't matter what happens to him from there on.

It's a tenuous business to carp at the methods of a man who wins most of the time, but it says in the book that you won't break any records if you don't run the way you're supposed to. The trouble is that every winter, as soon as one miler shows that he's the head man, his friends start asking him, "What about that indoor record, old fellow?" All this season, Dodds, in addition to trying to beat the rest of the field, has admittedly been aiming at the record, which is 4:07.4, and the best he has done is 4:08. Last Saturday night, in the A.A.U. meet at Madison Square Garden, he broke a record, but it wasn't the one he was after. He ran the first three quarters in 3:01, which was faster than three-quarters of a mile had ever before been run indoors, but a mile was what he was running, and his time for that was 4:08.3. It is this department's opinion that Dodds will never break the mile record. A runner with special equipment, such as Gunder Hägg, who has the stride of a hunted kangaroo, can afford to ignore the book, but a runner with just the normal apparatus possessed by Dodds and other current American milers isn't likely to get away with it. The faster Dodds runs those first three quarters, the slow-

★ Let's all back the attack...buy war bonds



er he's going to run the last one. It's the law of the jungle.

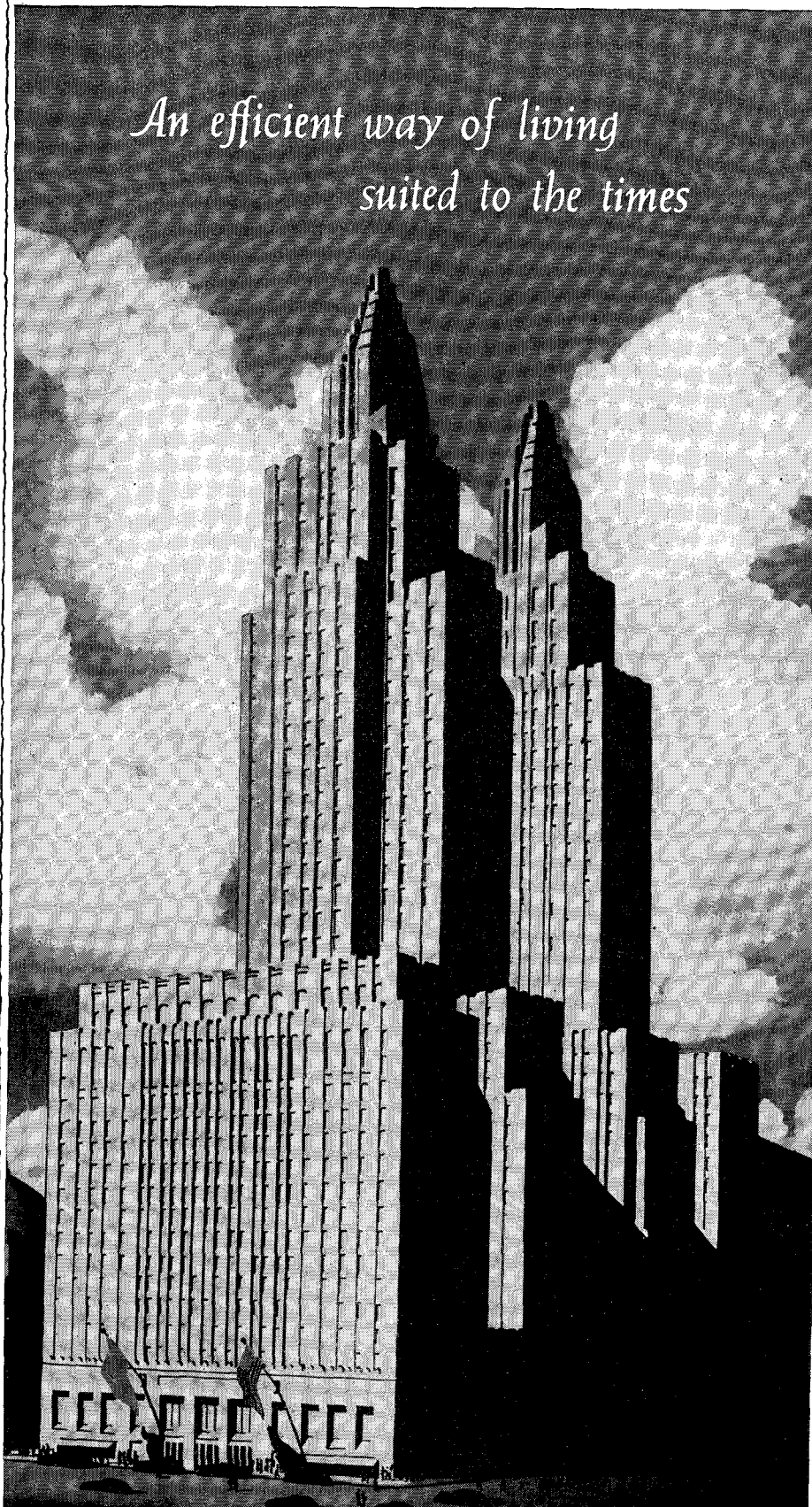
A FEW members of the older married set, it seems, will be playing baseball this year. Pepper Martin, once known as the Wild Horse of the Osage, has announced that he will return to the St. Louis Cardinals, after an absence of three years from the big leagues. He is forty and may not be as wild a horse as formerly, but he says he is prepared to play eighty games. Sam Breadon, president of the Cardinals, has indicated that he subscribes to this estimate. Also, Jimmy Foxx, the former home-run hitter, has asked, at the age of thirty-six and after a year in retirement, for permission to come back and play for the Chicago Cubs. Johnny Cooney, forty-three, and Paul Waner, forty-one, are apparently going right on playing for the Brooklyn Dodgers, with whom they have been spending their twilight years. On top of all this, Leo Durocher has announced for the third or fourth year in succession that he will not only manage the Dodgers but go back in at shortstop for them, if necessary. Durocher says this every winter, but by spring he has generally dug up another shortstop and has been able to pass the hot afternoons in the coolness of the dugout. This time, however, he has said that if it looks as though he would have to play, he will have an operation for the removal of some bone chips from his right elbow, which will enable him to throw the ball to first base without bouncing it. If he goes through with an operation, of course, he may well figure that he has to play to protect his investment.

IT'S doubtful that the coming of Joe Baksi, the new heavyweight who beat Tami Mauriello last Friday night, will be much help to the shorthanded heavyweight division. Jimmy Bivins, generally considered the best active heavyweight, is expected to go into the Army soon, and Mauriello, in Friday's fight, didn't look any too good. This leaves Joe Baksi, the new heavyweight, practically alone. —D. L.

There were other attractions on the program, notably the wondrous C. P. E. Bach orchestral concerto, but there is no doubt that the Martinu Concerto is to recent efforts in the field what the Martinu Symphony is to recent efforts in the field what the Martinu symphonies. That is to say, the best. —*Boston Herald.*

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## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS



**A**LWAYS forehanded by weeks, if not by months, as I have remarked more than once before now, the department stores are already deep in spring. The bolero suits at Lord & Taylor come in all the traditional spring fabrics and look so darling on small women that you will want to slaughter the next one who sighs that she wishes she were bigger. One in gray flannel has a waist-length jacket and a skirt with a square front panel opening like a sailor's trousers. Another is of brown, broken-stripe men's worsted, the jacket tied in a bow at the throat and the skirt having trouser pleats. Of course, you may prefer a suit of wool with a tiny black-and-white check; the skirt band has a bow of self-material in back and there is a bias seam below the bow to give the skirt a highly impudent filip. For tall women, there are long-waisted sweater blouses that are close-fitting and come well down on the hips. Several of the best are of striped wool jersey. If you're still not warm enough, you might throw on one of L. & T.'s bright-colored wool coats, which are good to wear over practically anything. Some of these coats are collarless, some are double-breasted, and all are either three-quarter length or as short as box jackets. Lord & Taylor are also making much of suits and coats that have hand-knitted sleeves, such as collarless box coats of green ribbed wool with sleeves to match or two-piece black-and-white checked wools with piqué Peter Pan collars and black sleeves. They are interesting and handsome and sporty but, to my mind, an extravagance unless you live most of your life in the country. (All these are in the "better" coats and suits group, which means that they cost around \$100.)

Lord & Taylor's new accessories are awfully good, too. There are leather handbags and gloves from South America, made there by refugee French and Austrian craftsmen. The bags are all suède-lined and beautifully finished. One is a deep, deep affair of saddle-stitched calf, for the very decent price of \$15 (it comes in black, red, and brown and can't be topped, in my opinion). There are quantities of black, brown, green, and red alligator bags; \$22.50 for an under-arm one, \$49.50 for near-valises. You probably haven't seen anything to

beat the South American gloves since the fall of France. The skins have been tanned so that the suèdes are like velvet and the thin kids are really glossy. The gloves have fine piqué stitching and delicate hand-whipping. There are short white capeskins, some with perforated backs and others with blue hand-whipping, for \$5.95. The suède eight-button pull-ons are really something at \$6.50; sixteen-button lengths, in deep, cerulean blue, turquoise, or magenta, as well as more conservative colors, are \$10.50.

A great fuss is being made here about separate buttons, which you can use to make the simplest dress or suit or hat look important. They are expensive (from fifty cents to \$2.50 apiece), but you'll love them when you see them. They are ceramic or plastic, and they may be very simple (like the pearl ball ones in odd, shimmering colors), or as delicate and intricate as Renaissance work, or flamboyant in primitive colors.

While you're in the shop, you might as well look at the cotton stockings in a big mesh. When you put them on,

they feel rather harsh, but your legs get used to them quickly and they look wonderful. They come in navy, gray (to match your flannels), beige, and nutmeg (this looks beautiful with black); \$1.65.

**I**N Bloomingdale's Green Room there are a lot of suits of thin wool that cost from around \$50 to \$70. Here, too, there's a fondness for tiny black-and-white checks, which make, say, a skirt and cardigan jacket with red facing and hooks at the waistline, or a jacket with a square, collarless yoke outlined with black wool bands and teamed up with a black skirt. There are combinations, such as lightish-blue wool cardigan jackets with brown wool skirts, and to go with them Bloomingdale has supplied plaid gingham blouses dyed in exactly matching colors. There are also blouses that will look well with the other suits. The bolero suit is in full flower at Bloomingdale. One sample, of navy sheer wool, has a slender skirt draped up on one side; others have checked tops, with green wool



*"This one has proved very effective. It has a chloroform base."*



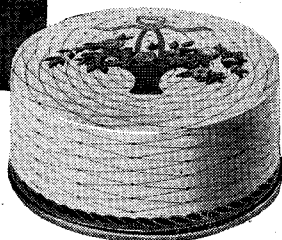
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shirring, ruffling, or bows on the pockets  
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at random: black cats with purple neck-  
ties sit in rows on a turquoise silk shan-  
tung which makes a dress with a hip-  
length fitted tunic; white chargers with  
purple plumes gallop across navy or  
black rayon-crêpe backgrounds; purple-  
and-white chickens pursue worms over  
dark backgrounds; charming old-fash-  
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and are guaranteed to capture any mili-  
tary young man's fancy, spring or no  
spring.

IT is no news to any of you that the  
women you see browsing around  
débutante departments are not always  
young fry. A look into the millinery  
section of Bonwit Teller's débutante  
department will show you why. There  
are particularly good tailored hats at  
from \$7.50 to \$12.50—most of them  
in sedate colors like black, gray, and  
brown but often given a frivolous touch  
with a veil. There are diminutive straw  
sailors with the upper brim ruffled; there  
are youthful felt bonnets like Star Gazer,  
which has an open crown laced with  
grosgrain that ends in a bow at the nape  
of the neck; there are Dutch Bonnets or  
caps with bows at each side of the deep  
crowns. These three varieties are, of  
course, for young people. But wait!  
If you're the dashing-dignified type of  
matron, you can have a white straw fe-  
dora with moss-green veiling over your  
face to match the wide grosgrain band,  
or a toy postillion with the whalebone  
clamp that grips the head in back made  
decorative by grosgrain ribbons and  
bows. There are straw pillboxes with  
back straps of ribbon, similarly adorned.  
You can also pick up tiny felt tricorne  
berets, and, as you might expect, calots,  
which appear in grosgrain edged with  
braid and have narrow, wired loops of the  
material sticking up at one side as the  
sole trimming. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue's  
débutante hat department has fun with  
dressy things costing from \$6.50 to  
\$12.50. The "snood veil" appears on  
almost everything and it can be worn in  
all kinds of ways—across the back of  
the head, in a birdcage over the face,  
under the chin, or whatever. There are  
plenty of off-the-face half hats and some

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mad affairs that the shop calls Fruit Cocktails. Masses of English daisies, pink berries, and forget-me-nots cover the back of one; another is decorated with small white flowers, green leaves, and red currants; still another may be a mass of grapes, cherries, bananas, oranges, and just about any other fruit you ever heard of. There are all-floral ones, too, some with red roses and narcissi dangling low at one side. I could go on and on. Sak's Hat Bar, on the same floor, is in a more practical mood. It has sets of stitched wool felt, in sober or brilliant colors, that consist of an over-arm handbag and a calot that has a pin-on veil gathered into bows at each end. The sets are \$5.50.

**L**ADIES who are being brave about the fact that their pet little inexpensive lingerie shop has folded up should be told that even some of the lordly establishments along the Avenue have seen the signs of the times. Bergdorf Goodman are demonstrating the adaptability of the Great once again in their lingerie department, where slips and gowns, hand-made of the new rayons that look and feel so much like pure silk, start down as far as \$4.75 and \$5.75, respectively. These are done in crêpes and satins with contrasting pipings and appliquéd Easter lilies or butterflies, or with fine tucks and V décolletages banded in white organdie embroidered with rosebuds. You'll also find the flower-sprigged lingerie I happen to dote on—rayon-crêpe slips, hand-finished, for from \$8.95, and the same sort of nightgowns for from \$12.95. They are trimmed with hand scallops or Val-type lace. There are partly hand-made bed jackets, such as a rayon-crêpe one with a standing collar, a bow at the throat, and horizontal double ruffles at the sides, or a rayon sheer tailored affair with a shirred Peter Pan collar and pearl buttons. —L. L.

Mrs. Frank Luria, Salvage Chairman of the American Women's Hospital Reserve Corps, has prepared a one page throw-away urging the salvaging of waste paper.—*News bulletin from the New York City Salvage Director.*

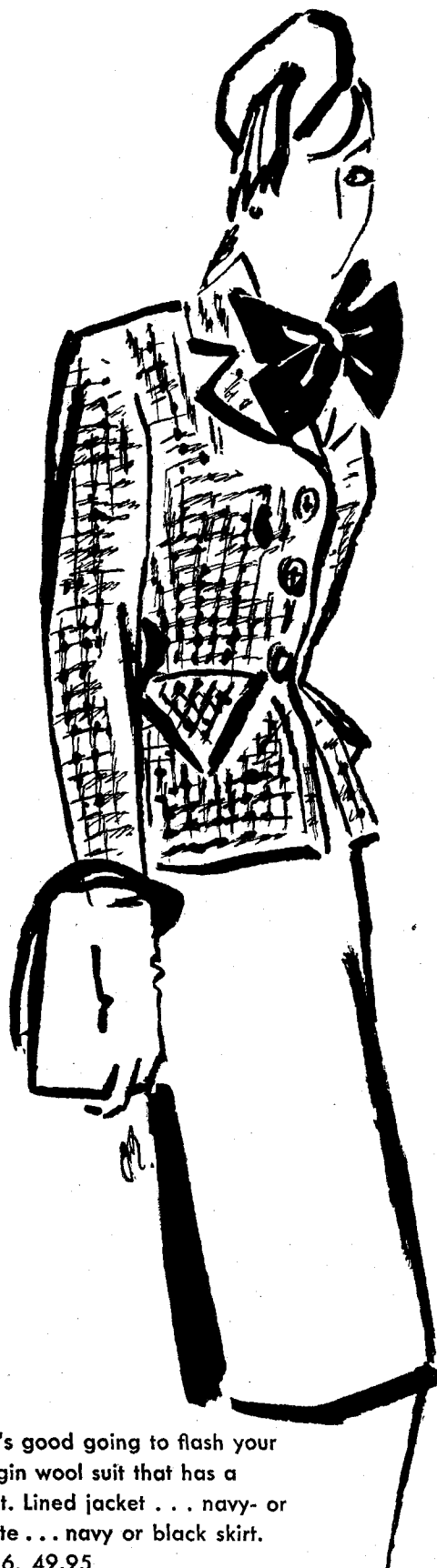
And so it goes.

#### NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Tulsa Tribune]

Down a few tables from us at the Trouville, were COL. J. D. BIDDLE, SR., better known as Tony Biddle's Pa, but doing his bit in the marine corps... a napkin was tucked neatly under his chin, with MRS. BIDDLE.

## Young-Timers double-checks Little Checks

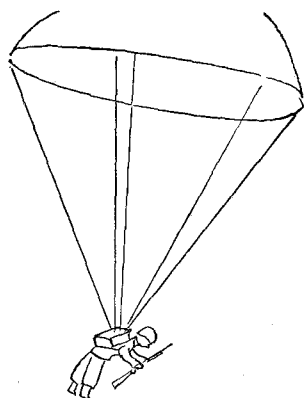


This Spring, it's good going to flash your check in a virgin wool suit that has a monotone skirt. Lined jacket . . . navy- or black-and-white . . . navy or black skirt. Sizes 10 to 16. 49.95

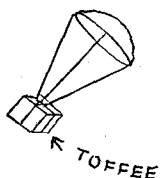
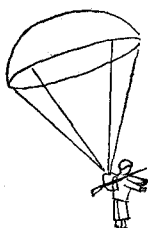
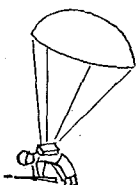


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## LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 27 (BY CABLE)



ONCE more London finds itself a blitz city. A city officially enters that class when people ring up their friends the day after a noisy night to find out if they're still there. The recent raids are nothing like the old affairs, which began late in the afternoon and went on, with occasional lulls, until morning, but they are nastier, in a way, because they are concentrated. Everything happens in a hurry and without a break; there are none of those nice ten-minute breathers during which your insides can get back into place. As one fire-watching matron feelingly remarked, "It's a little like having a baby in an hour—gratifying afterwards but highly uncomfortable while it's going on." The fact, incidentally, that compulsory fire-fighting has been stepped up since the 1941 blitz means that far more citizens are finding themselves, willy-nilly, in ringside seats for the return engagement.

It seems strange and a bit dreamlike to hear broken glass being shovelled out of the gutters again and to see a display of fluttering rayon stockings in a shattered shop window being guarded by enough policemen to make a Hope Diamond feel reasonably safe. The crowds who are taking shelter in the tubes these nights, however, have plainly decided that what is happening is no dream. They begin standing in line for shelter tickets quite early at some stations, and travellers often have a hard job struggling past the bundles of bedding, the new babies howling their indignation, and older kids who well remember the time when they *always* went to bed under the Bovril advertisements.

Restaurant proprietors and theatre managers have been stoutly telling the press that business is fine, despite the sound effects. Diners-out, however, seem to be more on the lookout for a good, modern, steel-and-concrete building with a deep shelter handy than for excellent cuisine in a place where there isn't much protection overhead. Many of the theatres have announced that in the future their evening performances will begin around five o'clock instead of six, so that their audiences will have a

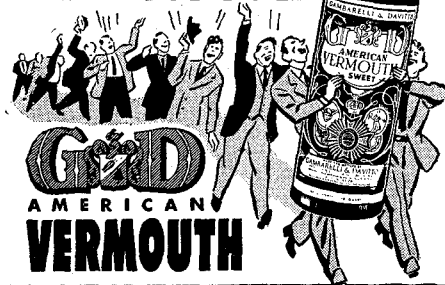
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chance to duck home before anything starts.

THE most noticeable effect of the past, unrestful week is that people look tired, especially the women. It is too early to gauge the psychological effect of the raids, but the Germans may have picked a good time to reopen the attack, because waiting to be the jumping-off place for a critical operation hasn't been particularly restful, either. Also, after the inexplicably rosy mood of a while back, in which bets were being made on how soon the war was going to end, there has been the inevitable, chilling reaction, which came when Britons realized that matters in Italy weren't going with the speed expected. Now, to all of this, there have been added not only the dangers but all the small, exasperating irritations of a blitz. Citizens who had once again grown accustomed to windows which kept the draughts out and to gas which came on when they turned the tap have been gamely relearning the half-forgotten lessons of the past.

In the general preoccupation with the blitz, Mr. Churchill's warning, contained in his statement on the war, that pilotless planes and rocket shells might soon be heading toward England from the French coast, passed without much comment. Most of us seemed to feel that we had enough to worry about right now with planes which did have pilots. Nobody appears disposed to treat this new blitz with anything but marked respect. About the only people who take a cheerful view of it are the youngsters, who are having a fine time collecting "flutterers," the strips of silver paper which are dropped by the raiders to interfere with the detecting instruments that are part of London's defense. Suburban back-yard trees, tricked out with the silvery ribbons, often look like Maypoles, and the kids think it's fun.

BEFORE all conversations, whether in West End bars or round the dart board, descended to the "Was it bad round you last night?" level, lots of talk had been going on about politics. The way voters in obscure agricultural communities are casting their by-election votes is being watched attentively by cockneys who have never been off the pavements, and the various issues are furiously debated hundreds of miles from the polls. There are people who hold that, while the war is on, Mr. Churchill's man—which is what the coalition-government candidate is always called in a by-election these days



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—should be supported, right or wrong, as a sign of solidarity, and there are others who say that they won't be hustled into a shotgun wedding, war or no war. Some think the up-and-coming, socialistically inclined young Common Wealth party is fine, and still others suspect its leader, Sir Richard Acland (who generously donated his estate to the National Trust the other day and was fiercely attacked in some quarters for doing so), of being a potential Führer. A certain confusion is added by the behavior of the Common Wealth candidates, all of whom invariably declare they're for Mr. Churchill, and by their party's amiable readiness to jump into the ring and sock away for anybody who's anti-government, even though its embarrassed protégé may not be especially pro-Common Wealth. It's a rather complicated situation to follow, but its essential meaning would seem to be that England, in all quarters, is once again politically awake after the long coalition snooze. The *Times* has reported that, at a recent by-election, country people were lining up for political pamphlets "as though for fish or lemons." The lemons, by the way, were actually lined up for last week by lots of London housewives who waited for hours to buy some, only to discover, when they reached home, that, after years of doing without, they couldn't think what to do with them. It's just possible that politically arguing Britons are afraid of having the same difficulty with the peace.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

The effect of the amendment, as explained on the floor of the Senate, if finally enacted into law, would be to permit, after having made an adjustment in an item affecting the excess profits tax, in a year to which the amendment is made applicable, which has an effect on the normal or surtax for the year, any resulting adjustment necessary in the normal or surtaxes may be accomplished although the statute of limitations for assessment of any deficiency, or making any refund of such taxes, has expired.—From a government memorandum to internal revenue agents.

Good!

### UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[Notice received from an oil company]

To the Stockholders of  
HONOLULU OIL CORPORATION:

The Board of Directors of the Company declared Special Dividend No. 43 of 50 cents per share, payable December 15, 1943, which is paid in two checks, each in the amount of 25 cents per share, to avoid extra time and manpower that would be involved in making it in one check.

HONOLULU OIL CORPORATION.



## A FINE OLD FIRM

MRS. CONCORD and her older daughter, Helen, were sitting in their living room, sewing and talking and trying to keep warm. Helen had just put down the stockings she had been mending and walked over to the French doors that opened out onto the garden. "I wish spring would hurry up and get here," she was saying when the doorbell rang.

"Good lord," Mrs. Concord said, "if that's company! The rug's all covered with loose threads." She leaned over in her chair and began to gather up the odds and ends of material around her as Helen went to answer the door. She opened it and stood smiling while the woman outside held out a hand and began to talk rapidly. "You're Helen? I'm Mrs. Friedman," she said. "I hope you won't think I'm just breaking in on you, but I have been so anxious to meet you and your mother."

"How do you do?" Helen said. "Won't you come in?" She opened the door wider and Mrs. Friedman stepped in. She was small and dark and wearing a very smart leopard coat. "Is your mother home?" she asked Helen just as Mrs. Concord came out of the living room.

"I'm Mrs. Concord," Helen's mother said.

"I'm Mrs. Friedman," Mrs. Friedman said. "Bob Friedman's mother."

"Bob Friedman," Mrs. Concord repeated.

Mrs. Friedman smiled apologetically. "I thought surely your boy would have mentioned Bobby," she said.

"Of course he has," Helen said suddenly. "He's the one Charlie's always writing about, Mother. It's so hard to make a connection," she said to Mrs. Friedman, "because Charlie seems so far away."

Mrs. Concord was nodding. "Of course," she said. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

Mrs. Friedman followed the Concord into the living room and sat in one of the chairs not filled with sewing. Mrs. Concord waved her hand at the room. "It makes such a mess," she said, "but every now and then Helen and I just get to work and make things. These are kitchen curtains," she added, picking up the material she had been working on.

"They're very nice," Mrs. Friedman said politely.

"Well, tell us about your son," Mrs. Concord went on. "I'm amazed that I didn't recognize the name right away, but somehow I associate Bob Friedman with Charles and New Guinea, and it seemed strange to have his mother here in town."

Mrs. Friedman laughed. "That's just about the way I felt," she said. "Bobby wrote me that his friend's mother lived here only a few blocks from us, and said why didn't I drop in and say hello."

"I'm so glad you did," Mrs. Concord said.

"I guess we know about as much about Bob as you do by now," Helen said. "Charlie's always writing about him."

Mrs. Friedman opened her purse. "I even have a letter from Charlie," she said. "I thought you'd like to take a look at it."

"Charles wrote you?" Mrs. Concord asked.

"Just a note. He likes the pipe tobacco I send Bobby," Mrs. Friedman explained, "and I put a tin of it in for him the last time I sent Bobby a package." She handed the letter to Mrs. Concord and said to Helen, "I imagine I could tell you all about yourselves, Bobby's said so much about all of you."

"Well," Helen said, "I know that Bob got you a Japanese sword for Christmas. That must have looked lovely under the tree. Charlie helped him buy it from the boy that had it—did you hear about that, and how they almost had a fight with the boy?"

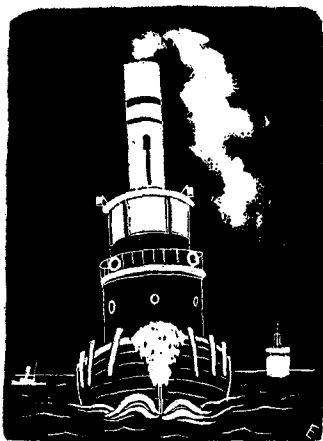
"Bobby almost had a fight," Mrs. Friedman said. "Charlie was smart and stayed out of it."

"No, we heard it that Charlie was the one who got in trouble," Helen said. She and Mrs. Friedman laughed.

"Maybe we shouldn't compare notes," Mrs. Friedman said. "They don't seem to stick together on their stories." She turned to Mrs. Concord, who had finished the letter and handed it to Helen. "I was just telling your daughter how many complimentary things I've heard about you."

"We've heard a lot about you, too," Mrs. Concord said.

"Charlie showed Bob a picture of



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you and your two daughters. The younger one's Nancy, isn't it?"

"Nancy, yes," Mrs. Concord said.

"Well, Charlie certainly thinks a lot of his family," Mrs. Friedman said. "Wasn't he nice to write me?" she asked Helen.

"That tobacco must be good," Helen said. She hesitated for a minute and handed the letter back to Mrs. Friedman, who put it in her purse.

"I'd love to meet Charlie sometime," Mrs. Friedman said. "It seems as though I know him so well."

"I'm sure he'll want to meet you when he comes back," Mrs. Concord said.

"I hope it won't be long now," Mrs. Friedman said. All three were silent for a minute, and then Mrs. Friedman went on with animation, "It seems so strange that we've been living in the same town and it took our boys in New Guinea to introduce us."

"This is a very hard town to get acquainted in," Mrs. Concord said.

"Have you lived here long?" Mrs. Friedman smiled apologetically. "Of course I know of your husband," she added. "My sister's children are in your husband's high school and they speak so highly of him."

"Really?" Mrs. Concord said. "My husband has lived here all his life. I came here from the West when I was married."

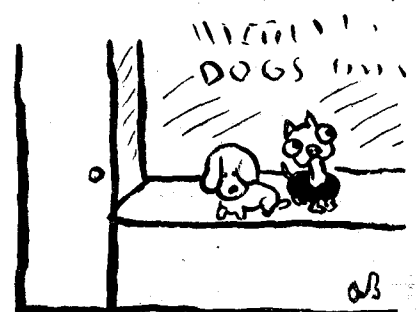
"Then it hasn't been hard for you to get settled and make friends," Mrs. Friedman said.

"No, I never had much trouble," Mrs. Concord said. "Of course most of our friends are people who went to school with my husband."

"I'm sorry Bobby never got a chance to study under Mr. Concord," Mrs. Friedman said. "Well..." She rose. "I have certainly enjoyed meeting you at last."

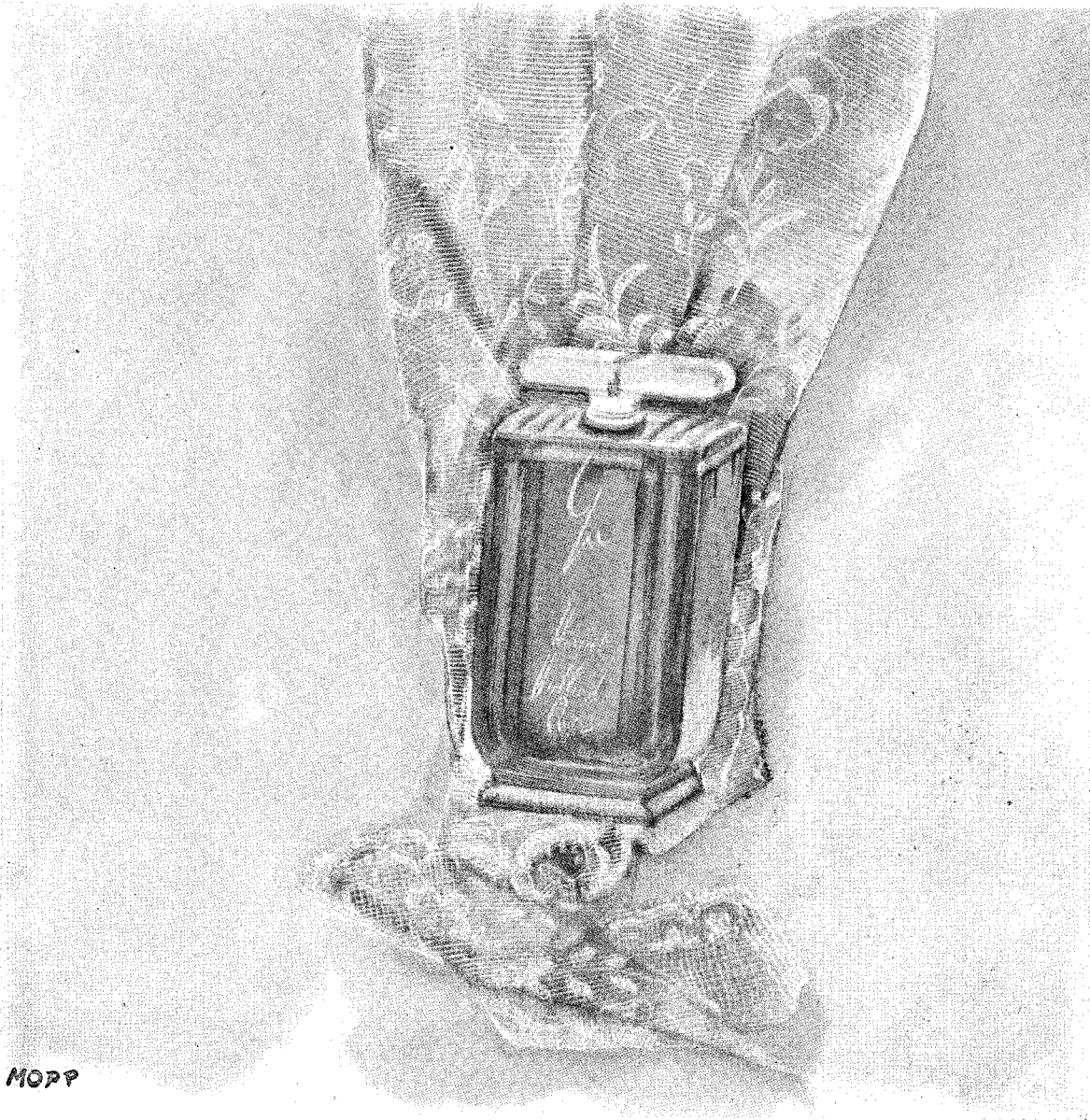
"I'm so glad you came over," Mrs. Concord said. "It's like having a letter from Charles."

"And I know how welcome a letter can be, the way I wait for Bobby's," Mrs. Friedman said. She and Mrs. Concord started for the door and Helen





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## BOOKS

*"Never Apologize, Never Explain": The Art of Evelyn Waugh*

LITTLE, BROWN have had the excellent idea of re-publishing the novels of Evelyn Waugh, which have been mostly out of print for years. They brought out "Decline and Fall" last spring, and now they have reissued "Vile Bodies." It is to be hoped that they will reprint the whole series. Nothing could be better to enliven the doldrums that fiction is in at the moment.

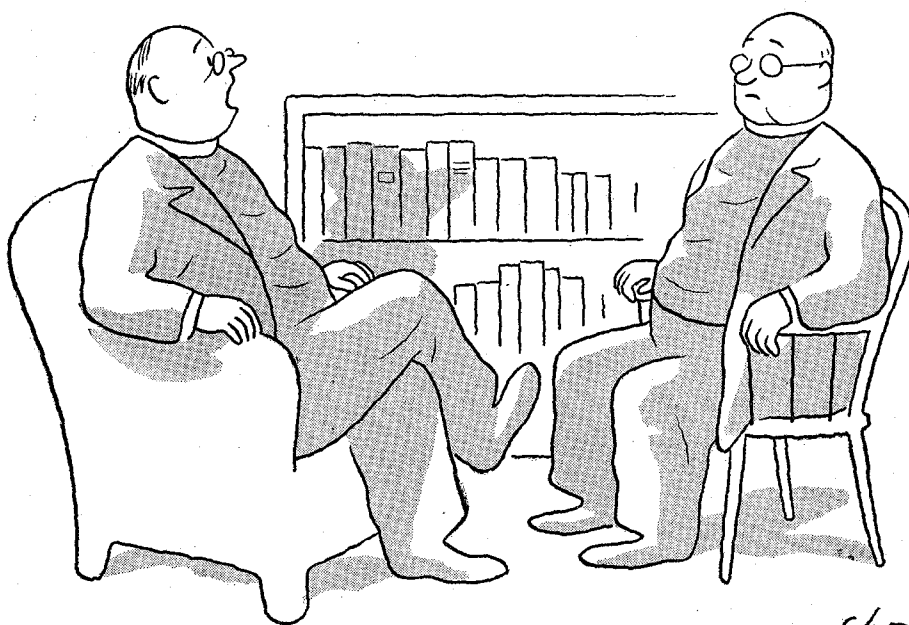
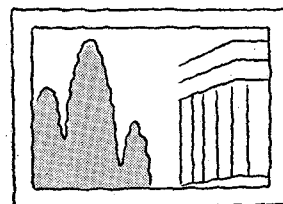
I did not read Evelyn Waugh at the time when he was first attracting attention. I never got started on him till a year ago, when I picked up the reprint of "Decline and Fall" and was so much exhilarated by it that I went on to "Vile Bodies," and then read his four other novels in the order in which they were written. I may thus lay claim to a fresh impression of Evelyn Waugh's work—an impression, I believe, not much influenced by any journalistic interest it may have had, appearing at the end of the twenties, as a picture of the delirium of that period. Nothing can taste staler today than some of the stuff that seemed to mean something then, that gave us twinges of bitter romance and thrills of vertiginous drinking. But "The Great Gatsby" and "The Sun Also Rises" hold up; and my feeling is that these novels of Waugh's are the only things written in England that are comparable to these. They are less poetic, perhaps less intense; they belong to a more classical tradition. But I think that they are likely to last and that Waugh, in fact, is likely to figure as the only first-rate comic genius that has appeared in English since Bernard Shaw.

The great thing about "Decline and Fall," written when the author was twenty-five, was its breathtaking spontaneity. The latter part of the book leans a little too heavily on Voltaire's "Candide," but the early part, that hair-raising harlequinade in a brazenly bad boys' school, has an audacity that is altogether Waugh's and that was to prove the great principle of his art. This audacity is personified here by an hilarious character called Grimes. Though a schoolmaster and a "public-school man," Grimes is frankly and even exultantly everything that is most contrary to the British code of good behavior: he is a bounder, a rotter, a scoundrel, but he never has a moment of compunction. He is supplemented by Philbrick, the butler,

a graduate of the underworld, who likes to tell about revolting crimes. This audacity, in Waugh's next book, "Vile Bodies," is the property of the infantile young people who, at a time "in the near future, when existing social tendencies have become more marked," are shown drinking themselves into beggary, entangling themselves in absurd sexual relations, and getting their heads cracked in motor accidents. The story has the same wild effect of reckless improvisation, which perfectly suits the spirit of the characters; but it is better sustained than "Decline and Fall," and in one passage it sounds a motif which for the first time suggests a standard by which the behavior of the characters is judged: the picture of Anchorage House with its "grace and dignity and other-worldliness," and its memories of "people who had represented their country in foreign places and sent their sons to die for her in battle, people of decent and temperate life, uncultured, unaffected, unembarrassed, unassuming, unambitious people, of independent judgment and marked eccentricities."

In "Black Mischief" there is a more coherent story and a good deal of care-

ful planning to bring off the surprises and shocks. There are descriptions of the imaginary black kingdom of Azania, which is the principal scene of the story, that are based on the author's own travels and might occur in a perfectly straight novel. We note that with each successive book Evelyn Waugh is approaching closer to the conventions of normal fiction: with each one—and the process will continue—we are made to take the characters more seriously as recognizable human beings living in the world we know. Yet the author never reaches this norm: he keeps his grasp on the comic convention of which he is becoming a master—the convention which makes it possible for him to combine the outrageous with the plausible without offending our sense of truth. It is a triumph for him to carry from book to book the monsters of "Decline and Fall" and to make us continue to accept them as elements in later novels that touch us or stir us with values quite different from those of the earlier ones. There are two important points in "Black Mischief." The theme of the decline of society is here not presented merely in terms of night-club London:



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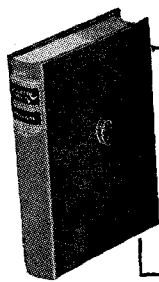


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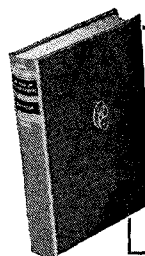
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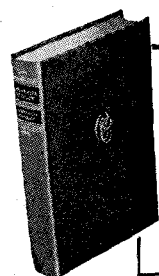
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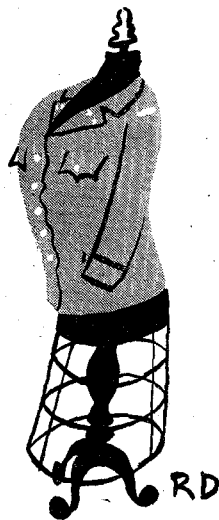
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it is symbolized by the submergence of the white man in the black savagery he is trying to exploit. The theme of audacity is incarnated here, not in a Philbrick or a Grimes, but in a bad-egg aristocrat, who steals his mother's emeralds to run away from England, manipulates the politics of Azania by talking modern ideas to the native king, and, forced at last to flee to the jungle, eats his sweetheart by mistake at a cannibal feast.

"A Handful of Dust," which followed, is, it seems to me, the author's masterpiece. Here he has perfected his method to a point which must command the admiration of another writer even more perhaps than that of the ordinary non-literary reader—for the latter may be carried from scene to scene of the swift and smooth-running story without being aware of the skill with which the author creates by implication an atmosphere and a set of relations upon which almost any other novelist would spend pages of description and analysis. The title comes from T. S. Eliot's line, "I will show you fear in a handful of dust," but, except on the title page, the author nowhere mentions this fear. Yet he produces from beginning to end of the book, from the comfortable country house to the clearing in the Brazilian jungle, the impression of a terror, of a feeling that the bottom is just about to drop out of things, which is the whole motivation of the book but of which the characters are not shown to be conscious and upon which one cannot put one's finger in any specific passage. A charming woman of the aristocracy deserts a solid county husband and a high-spirited little boy to have a love affair with the underbred and uninteresting son of a lady interior decorator; the child is killed at a hunt; the husband runs away to Brazil and ends as the captive of an illiterate halfbreed, who keeps him for years in the jungle reading the novels of Dickens aloud. The audacity here is the wife's: her behavior has no justification from any accepted point of view, whether conventional or romantic. Nor does the author help out with a word of explicit illumination. He has himself made of audacity a literary technique. He exemplifies, like so many of his characters, the great precept of Benjamin Jowett to young Englishmen just starting their careers: "Never apologize, never explain."



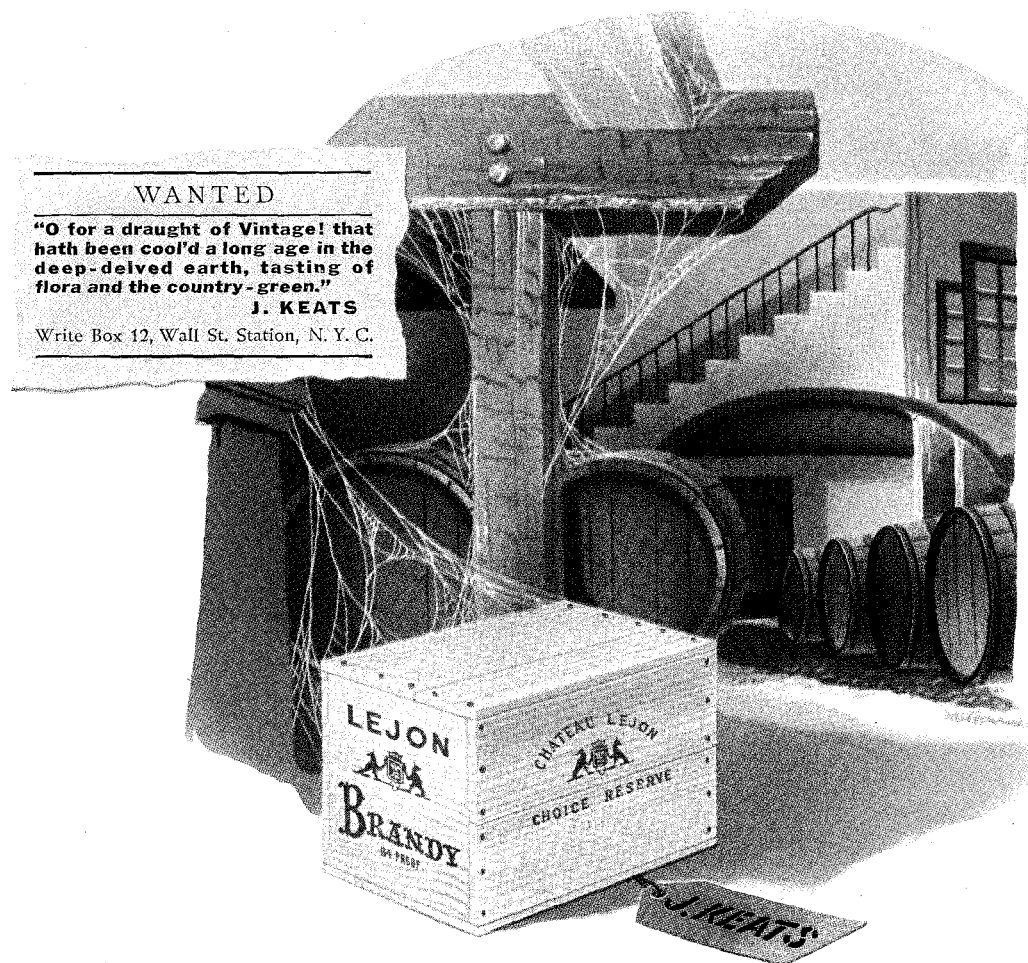
The next novel, "Scoop," is not quite so good as the ones just before and just after it, but it has in it some wonderful things. A quiet country gentleman, who writes nature notes for a big London paper called the *Daily Beast*, gets railroaded, through a confusion of identities, to another of Waugh's Negro countries, where he is supposed to act as war correspondent. The story is simpler than usual, and it brings very clearly to light a lineup of opposing forces which has always lurked in Evelyn Waugh's fiction and which is now even beginning to give it a certain melodramatic force. He has come to see English life as a conflict between the qualities of the English upper classes, whether arrogant, bold, and outrageous or stubborn, unassuming, and eccentric, and the qualities of the climbers, the careerists, and the commercial millionaires who dominate contemporary society. The story of William Boot comes to its climax when the grown-up public-school boy faces down the Communist boss of Ishmaelia, who is trying to get him off the scene while a revolution takes place: "'Look here, Dr. Benito,' said William. 'You're being a bore. I'm not going.'" And the book has a more cheerful moral than any of its predecessors: William succeeds in holding his own against the barbarisms both of Africa and of London, and in the end he returns to the country, where they cannot get him again and where he continues to write his notes about the habits of the local fauna. If this book is less exciting than the others, it is perhaps because the theme of audacity appears mainly in connection with the *Daily Beast*, with which the author cannot feel any sympathy.

Waugh's most recent novel, "Put Out More Flags," written during and about the war, has an even more positive moral. Basil Seal, the aristocratic scoundrel who figures in "Black Mischief," exploits the war to his own advantage by informing against his friends and shaking down his sister's county neighbors with threats of making them take in impossible refugees, but finally he enlists in the Commandos, who give him for the first time a legitimate field for the exercise of his resourcefulness and nerve. Evelyn Waugh's other well-born wastrels are already in this "*corps d'élite*," somewhat sobered after years of "having fun." "There's a new spirit abroad. I see it on every side," says

stupid old Sir Joseph Mainwaring. "And, poor booby," says the author, "he was bang right." We see now that not only has the spirit of audacity migrated from the lower to the upper classes, but that the whole moral emphasis has shifted. The hero of "Decline and Fall" was a poor student reading for the church whose career at Oxford was wrecked by the brutality of a party of aristocratic drunks: "A shriller note could now be heard rising from Sir Alastair's rooms; any who have heard that sound will shrink at the recollection of it; it is the sound of the English county families baying for broken glass." And at the end he is addressed as follows by another and more considerate young nobleman: "You know, Paul, I think it was a mistake you ever got mixed up with us; don't you? We're different somehow. Don't quite know how. Don't think that's rude, do you, Paul?" But it is now this young man, Percy Pastmaster, and Sir Alastair Digby-Vaine-Trumington, and the English county families generally who are the heroes of "Put Out More Flags." Evelyn Waugh has completely come over to them, and the curious thing is that his snobbery carries us with it. I was complaining here a few weeks ago of the helplessness of Harold Nicolson to escape from the psychology of the governing class, which was imposed on him by birth and office. The case of Waugh is the opposite of this: he has evidently approached this class, like his first hero, from somewhere outside, and he has had to invent it for himself. The result is that everything is created in his work, nothing is taken for granted. The art of this last novel is marvellous. See the episode in which Basil Seal blackmails the young married woman: the attractiveness of the girl, which is to prompt him to try a conquest, and her softness, which will permit his success (Evelyn Waugh is perhaps the only male writer of his generation in England who is able to make his women attractive), are sketched in with a few physical details and a few brief passages of dialogue that produce an impression as clear and fresh as an eighteenth-century painting.

Evelyn Waugh is today a declared Tory and a Roman Catholic convert; he believes in the permanence of the social classes and, presumably, in the permanence of evil. It has been pointed out by Mr. Nigel Dennis in an article in the *Parisian Review* that this makes him a dubious guide for England after the war. But, after all, he does not set up as a guide; and his opinions do not





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damage his fiction. About this fiction there is nothing schematic and nothing doctrinaire; and, though the characters are often stock types—the silly ass, the vulgar parvenu, the old clubman, etc.—everything in it has grown out of experience and everything has emotional value. "Put Out More Flags" leaves you glowing over the products of public schools and country houses as examples of the English character; but it is not a piece of propaganda: it is the satisfying expression of an artist, whose personal pattern of feeling no formula will ever fit, whether political, social, or moral. For the savagery he is afraid of is somehow the same thing as the audacity that so delights him. —EDMUND WILSON

### BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

STRANGE FRUIT, by Lillian Smith (Reynal & Hitchcock). The story of a white man's love for a Negro girl and the reactions of the middle-class citizens of a small Georgia town to the affair. It is written honestly and with a fine bitterness against the inhumanity of Southern whites to blacks and it rings some interesting changes on a theme which one might have thought had been worn threadbare. Edifying and saddening reading.

WESTERN WIND, by Honor Croome (Putnam). Deals with the plight of four young mothers and their children, evacuated from England to a Boston suburb during the 1940 blitz. Two of the women are charming, cultivated, and beautiful, one is a prim little housewife, and the fourth an unscrupulous minx. On the whole, you gather that being ladies in exile isn't much fun. There are constant misunderstandings, jangled nerves, boredom, and an unremitting and sometimes hard-to-take barrage of American organized kindness, but everybody comes through all right and hands across the sea remain firmly clasped. Mrs. Croome writes agreeably and with considerable shrewdness, but she doesn't explore her heroines' dilemmas very deeply.

HANRAHAN'S DAUGHTER, by Patrick Purcell (Putnam). Under a luxuriance of poetic Irish imagery, inverted sentences, and Irish stage dialogue, the attentive reader will find a rather commonplace story about a young Kilkenny farmer who pleads another man's suit to the girl he himself loves. Mr. Purcell, who frequently shows an ability to picture Irish village life, appears to have read too much of



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the later O'Casey for his own good.

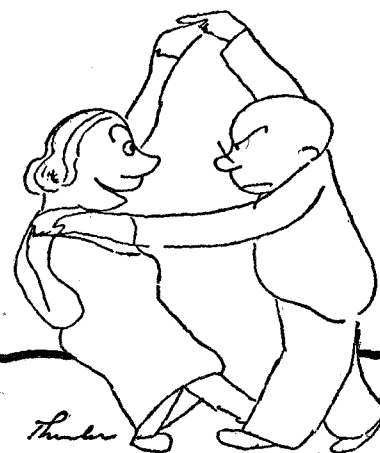
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking). A length of glittering, cleverly woven, authentic Bemelmans fabric, which the author has chosen to label a novel. An incredibly rich South American general, subject to epileptic fits, and his preposterous entourage flee the French Riviera just before the Nazis take over. The Atlantic crossing, the sojourn, surrounded by other wealthy refugees, in a luxurious New York hotel, and finally the repatriation of the general in his Ecuadorian home are the ingredients of a satire which manages to be not only brashly funny but a subtle statement about human behavior in its more futile aspects.

## GENERAL

STANDING ROOM ONLY, by Elizabeth Fowler (Dodd, Mead). The story, very frank and unabashed, of a woman who spent ten days in a small lifeboat with thirty-four men after their ship was torpedoed by a German submarine. Not a very pretty book, since people do not always behave prettily under such circumstances, and one that makes a similar voyage, recently undertaken by Miss Tallulah Bankhead in a movie called "Lifeboat," seem like an old-fashioned pleasure cruise with music. The fact that much of Mrs. Fowler's experience has been made familiar by the movies, as well as by books about the same sort of adventure, does not detract from the interest of her story. She tells it, except for an occasional indulgence in Hemingway tough talk, very well.

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY (Colonial Period), edited by James Truslow Adams (Scribner). A badly organized, badly edited, badly printed, and badly presented collection of prints, photographs, engravings, and drawings having to do with the early years of American history. It would seem difficult to take material of such interest and make it dull, very dull, but that is just what Mr. Adams and his associates have done. There is no index, either. An uninspired example of book-making.

THE BOOK OF THE NAVY, by W. Adolphe Roberts and Lowell Brenntano (Doubleday, Doran). A collection of stories, songs, and poems about the American Navy that has been assembled, it would seem, on the theory that if enough material is gathered on



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any interesting subject, and trimmed to fit, the result will be an interesting anthology. The theory, in this case, doesn't quite work out. A few of the selections are readable and informative, such as the story of Perry's visit to Japan and a fragment by Mahan on the subject of seapower, but most of them are, if not trivial, tedious.

**FREEDOM'S FERMENT**, by Alice Felt Tyler (University of Minnesota Press). A big, thoughtful, splendidly researched book about the various reform movements that sprang up in the United States during the first part of the nineteenth century, along with an examination of the social and religious experiments that also marked the era. The author does not altogether succeed in her attempt to prove that all these movements, even the crackpot ones, were the truly significant activities of the men and women of the age, but she has written a sound, valuable, and long-overdue history of the early phases of the reform movement in America. Excellently illustrated.

**THE LONG BALKAN NIGHT**, by Leigh White (Scribner). The author, who was in the Balkans from the spring of 1940 to the autumn of 1941, tells the story of his adventures, some of which were more than ordinarily exciting, in Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Greece. Mr. White is plainly in favor of using six words where one might easily do and is excessively fond of the pronoun "I," but, thanks to a lot of dramatic material and his own ability to keep a story moving along, his book is one of the best of its kind in recent months.

**THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE**, by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran). A scholarly and sympathetic study of two Catholic saints—St. Teresa of Avila, one of the best-known of the Catholic mystics, and St. Thérèse of Lisieux, a French nun who lived so obscurely that she was hardly known until after her death. Miss West examines their lives in relation to their entirely different backgrounds—St. Teresa of Avila was a daughter of Inquisitional Spain, St. Thérèse of Lisieux lived during the nineteenth century—and anyone interested in the varieties of religious experience will find her book extremely rewarding.

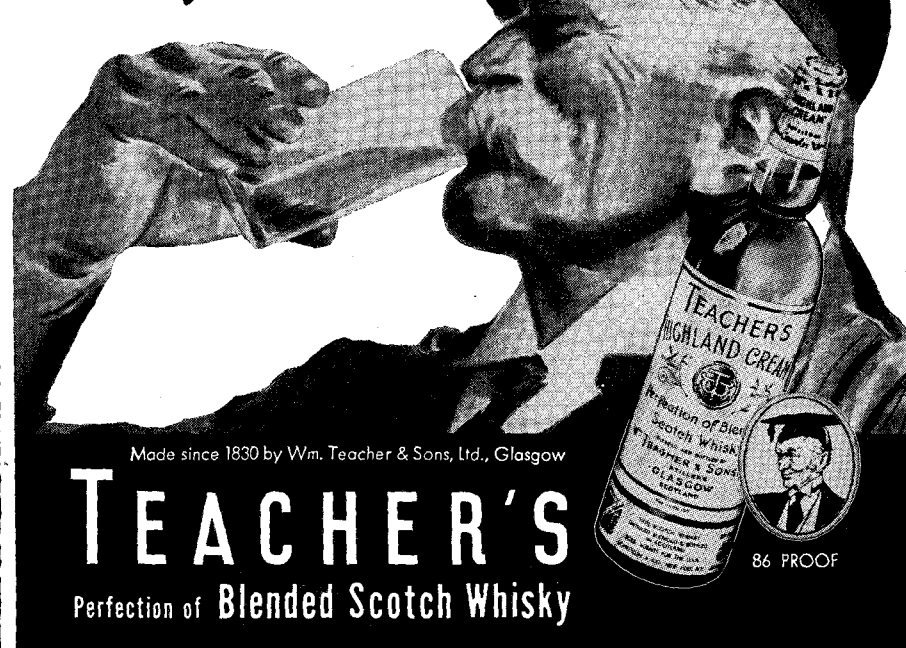
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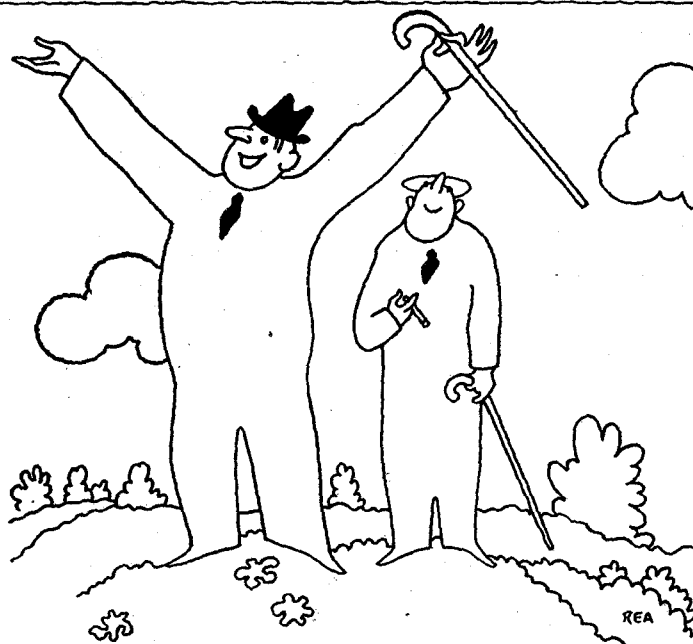


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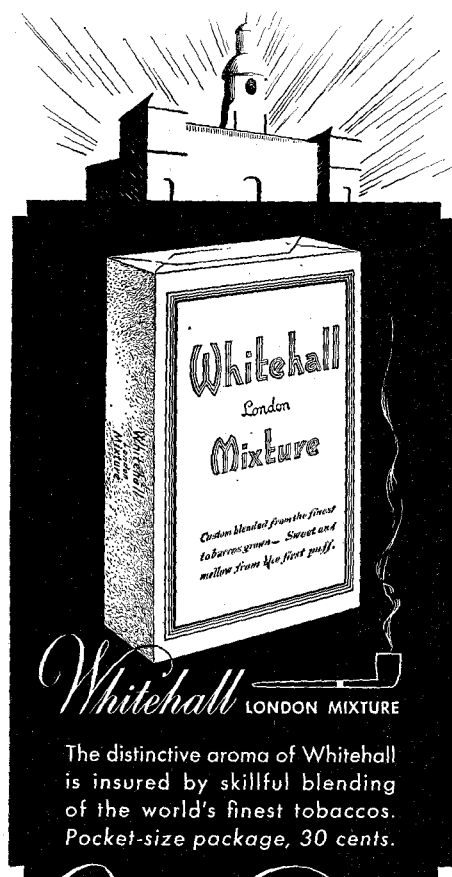
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story, in which Maynard, who is head of something called Military Intelligence in North America for the Free Nations, goes to France shortly before our entrance into the war to gain a first-hand knowledge of the workings of the underground. As you might expect, Maynard has a good deal of trouble with the Gestapo, and unmasks a traitor or two into the bargain. Much more authentic-sounding than the usual account of this sort, and highly recommended.

**WINDS OF EVIL**, by Arthur W. Upfield (Doubleday, Doran). Another case for Napoleon Bonaparte, the half-caste authority on clues, which in this case have been left lying around the Australian bush country. He eventually tracks down the stranger who went to work every time a sandstorm broke loose in New South Wales, but his solution of the case will disappoint readers who ask an even chance of working things out for themselves. Below par.

**THE DELICATE APE**, by Dorothy B. Hughes (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Twelve years after the war, the Secretary of Peace for the United States is murdered just before an international peace conference. Piers Hunt, one of his assistants, has papers which prove that Fascist influence has by no means been killed by defeat, and, as a result, he plays a five-day game of hide and seek with all the people who would like to get their hands on the documents before the conference opens. An interesting idea, which deserves a more careful and detailed treatment.

**RIDING ENTHUSIASTS**—Although they are dressed here for a formal evening, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwin Trent Winfree, 425 South Drive, Miami Springs, are often seen in riding clothes as they are equestrian enthusiasts. They have their own horse.—*Picture caption in the Miami Daily News.*

Who must be something of an enthusiast himself.

#### ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From the Times]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22 (AP)—Chairman Reynolds of the Senate Military Committee, discussing the mustering-out pay bill, asserted today that before the United States paid \$1,500,000,000 toward European relief and rehabilitation, "we ought to rehabilitate our own." "Stalin is standing up for Russia," the North Carolina Senator said, "Churchill for Britain. Reynolds is for America."

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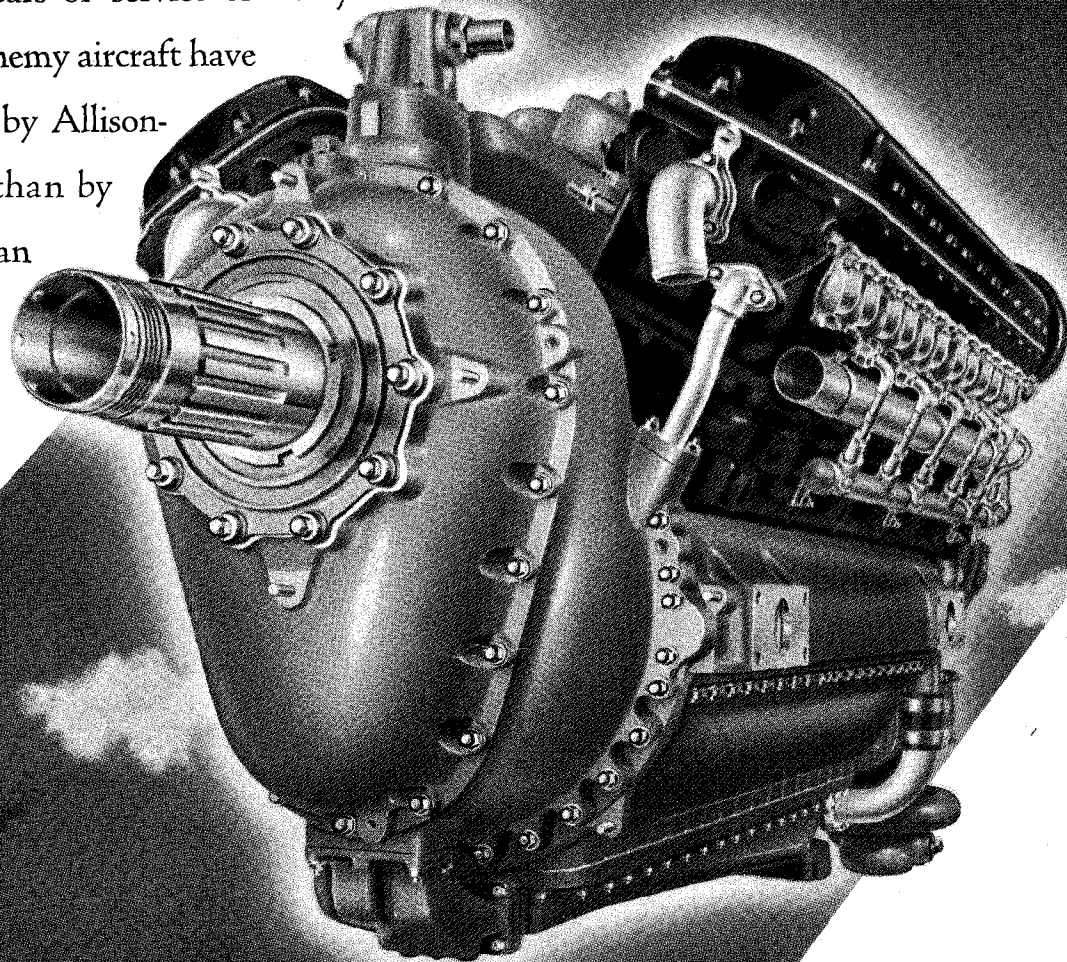
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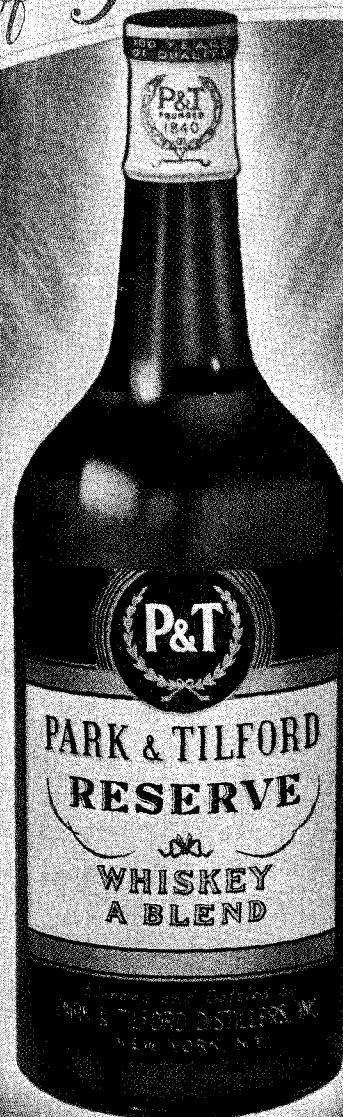
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